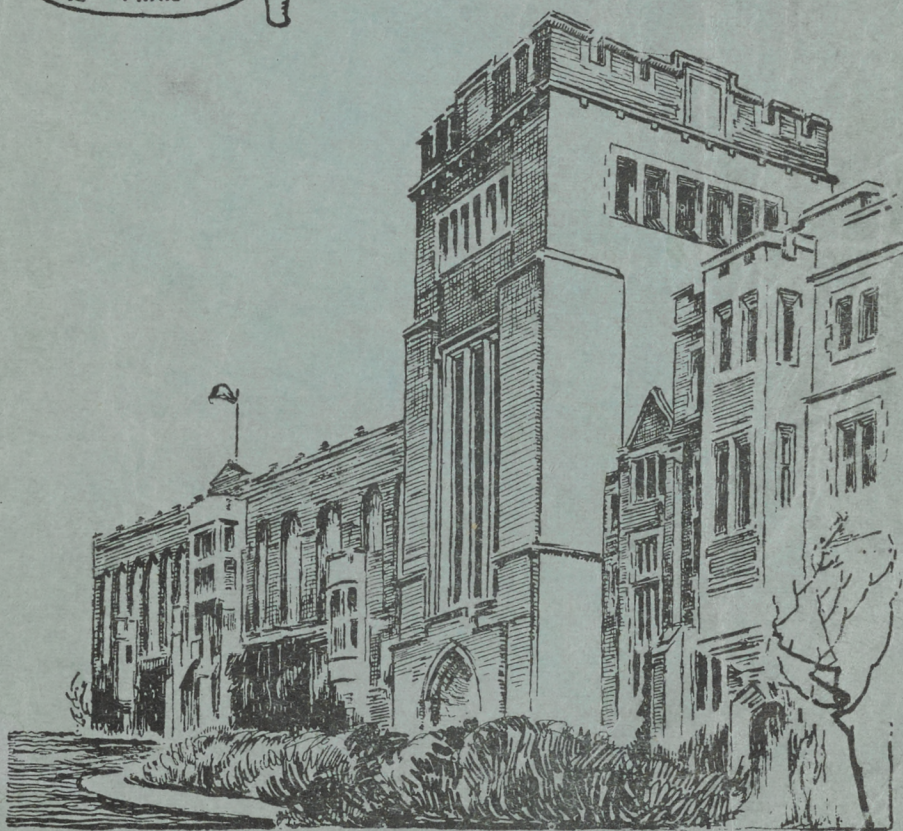


REGINA COLLEGE REGISTER



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J. H. Lee-Grayson.

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FOREWORD

Once again the College Register goes forth with its store of memories of the past year. Any success it may merit has been due to the untiring efforts of our contributors and the willing assistance of our faculty. We wish to express our gratitude on behalf of the staff to both.

We wish to impress upon the minds of our readers that it would be impossible to publish this journal without the kindly support of our advertisers. They have helped us very substantially in this undertaking—help them by patronizing them. We would ask the readers to give the advertisements their careful attention. They have made this magazine possible. Show your appreciation.

Editor-in-Chief, HAROLD M. COLTER.

Assistant Editor, ALICE E. CROSBY.

IS NINETY DOLLARS YOUR SPRING CLOTHES ALLOWANCE?

If ninety dollars is your allowance—and you may have more or less, of course—you'll be interested at once in knowing just how far it will go toward assembling your wardrobe with smart new Spring things. Youthful Co-eds—whether their tastes insist upon simplicity or intricacy—are certain to discover suitable wearables in the Eaton collections. And, too, one can spend many a smart hour with Fashion at style-right Eaton's! The section for Misses boasts a wealth of youthful things at modest prices.

THIS smart little coat bears the *Eaton's* label which designates style-rightness and quality in good measure. *Eaton's* coats are exclusive with Eaton's and are priced at \$25.00.



A smart felt of the brimless type, at \$6.50.
Graceful *Eaton's* strap slippers of patent, at \$5.00.



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THESE are the delightful things which ninety dollars will buy for you for Spring, at Eaton's:

Silk Dress, \$19.75.	Cloth Coat, \$25.00.	Twill Suit, \$19.75.
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Gloves, \$1.35.	Silk Tie, \$1.25.	Blouse, \$2.95.
Silk Scarf, \$1.50.	Light Sweater, \$3.95.	



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Editorial Staff

WITH mingled feelings of gladness and regret comes the realization that our year here is drawing to a close. We all agree that it has been a very happy one. We gathered in September from many parts of Saskatchewan and our sister provinces, all of us animated by the highest ideals, hopes and aspirations and now, rising even above the sad thought that our ways are soon to part, comes the joy of a year's work completed and the triumphant thrill in knowing that we have not worked in vain.

Many of us who have gathered in these College Halls are going out into the world in search of our life work. We are standing at the threshold looking eagerly into the future and wondering perhaps what it has in store for us. But through it all, in whatever we do, let us carry with us always that spirit of comradeship and good-fellowship which pervaded our college atmosphere, making those lives with which we come in contact fuller and richer by giving them unreservedly the best that we have to give.

During the past year we have been given opportunity to broaden our outlook on life in every possible way. Men and women who have come from all parts of Canada and the Empire have spoken to us and each has left a message with us which we will not easily forget. We have gained experience and knowledge mentally, physically, socially and spiritually, and after all is not life simply development along these lines? Tilton Bell expressed this thought well with these words:

"I want to live so that everybody will respect my character; that I may add each day to the joys and happiness of others and that I may be of some use in this busy world.

"I want to work just a little bit harder than I'm paid to do; to fill my position a little better than any one else can fill it; and to feel the satisfaction of a clearer conscience each night.

"I want to play always clean and to win; to enter the joy of sports for sports sake, but to bear my defeats with honour and grace.

"I want to die in the belief of a life well spent; that my going will leave sweet memories with my associates, and that I am not ashamed to meet my Maker."

Alice E. Crosby.



Dr. E. W. Stapleford, President

Not East nor West---But Canada

HIGH courage and deep insight were required for statesmen like Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George Etienne Cartier and the Honorable George Brown to visualize a united Canada stretching from Sable Island, washed as it is by the angry waters of the Atlantic, to the far away sunset slopes of the Pacific.

Such was their dream, a dream which is rapidly becoming true. I say becoming true for while the physical and political union took place years ago, it can scarcely be said as yet that a spiritual union is an accomplished fact. There still exists in the Middle West a certain prejudice against the East. Thoughtless men often refer flippantly to "the dead and effete East"; they speak of the East as living off the West and sometimes bitterly complain that the economic policy of the Federal Government is determined by a desire to benefit the East at the expense of the West.

On the other hand in the East sometimes we find an unfortunate attitude of mind towards the West. The extreme position is suggested by a remark made by an old lady who had in mind the purchase of the Middle West from the Hudson's Bay Company. (The reader will recall that in 1869 the four provinces that then comprised the Dominion of Canada paid £300,000 for the land which now forms the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta). "Didn't we buy and pay for the West? It belong to us. Why shouldn't we tax them?" This is the extreme position and is now rarely encountered in the East, though there are still to be found people who look upon the West as a happy hunting ground to exploit.

But this unfortunate attitude, largely born of ignorance, is rapidly passing. Because of improved facilities for travel and rapid transit Easterners are visiting the West and Westerners are visiting the East in ever increasing numbers. Nothing

breaks down prejudice and parochialism like travel and contact and we are coming to see that Canada is bigger and greater than any one section of it. But even more than this we are learning that Canada is something more than a federation of nine provinces loosely connected by railroads and by a Federal Government at Ottawa. We are coming to see, and the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of last July emphasized this, that Canada is a great spiritual idea, a great adventure in the realm of nationhood and if this adventure is to be successful we must be a united people.

Two great races in Canada, the English and the French, and by immigration many other races have been added, have joined hands to build up in this Northern half of the North American Continent what will yet be a great nation. These varied races represent many tongues and many religions. Physical Geography also divides us in a way which at one time in human history would have made nation building impossible. A great stretch of unbroken land divides the Maritime Provinces from Quebec and Ontario. Another vast and inhospitable area separates Ontario proper from the Prairie Provinces and the gigantic mountains loom up between Alberta and the beautiful Province by the Western Sea. Hence Canada is broken up into four great sections, each section with its own peculiar problems. Our economic problems are also divergent, the East being mainly industrial while the West is largely agricultural.

The above statement of the case only emphasizes the high courage of the Fathers of Confederation who hoped to build a great nation out of a land so far flung, of many races, of divergent religious beliefs and of such widely different economic conditions. And yet this great ideal is being realized today. Inter-Dominion trade, the free interchange of public speakers between East and West at conventions, student conferences, Canadian Clubs and the various Service Clubs, pulpit and press all combine to hasten the fulfillment of this national ideal of unity. The inauguration of passenger and mail air service will make a great contribution to this end.

Canada has a right to expect leadership from the students of her Colleges. College trained men and women should be broad-minded and charitable. They should think nationally rather than parochially or provincially. Even in politics they should think in terms of Canada rather than in terms of East and West and in matters of religion they should remember the words of Christ "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." To this end I would urge our students to plan to know Canada both East and West. You will find the East hospitable and that Western visitors are always welcome. May I also suggest that all of our students should definitely plan to visit Great Britain and if possible the Continent. After the crop has been taken off and the Fall work is over, slip away for three or four months and see a bit of Shakespeare's England and the land Scott loved so well, not overlooking the Emerald Isle. You will love Canada none the less and you will be more proud than ever that Canada is a nation, one of a galaxy of nations that makes up the great British Empire. No Canadian can visit Britain without returning to Canada a more loyal Canadian and more devoted to the cause of Canadian Unity.

During the war an Archbishop of the Church of England was seen in the front line trenches wearing his episcopal gaiters but crowned with a tin hat. Someone remarked that the good man's equipment was most significant for while his legs were firmly rooted in the past, his head was moving with the times. We in Canada are deeply rooted in the past. Through the Mother Country we have come into a great heritage. As Canadians we should be ambitious that the fine ideals which have come to us from Britain, those ideals of honor and truth and justice which have made the British Empire what it is today, should ever persist in Canada. In this sense may we ever be anchored to the past. On the other hand it is for us to give our best thought to developing a rich and noble Canadian nationality and bring to fruition the high hopes and lofty ambitions of the Fathers of Confederation. My great ambition is that the students of Regina College will make no mean contribution to this high and glorious task.

Myths of the Skies

Professor Egerton R. Doxsee, B.A., B.D.

THERE are many beautiful things in the universe that we pass by unheeded. Our attention has never been called to them, and so we have never made their acquaintance. Too often, "having eyes we see not." We recognize the beauty of a flower when we begin to cultivate it; as we put the seed in the ground, watch the springing up of the first leaves, see the unfolding of the buds, and as nature performs her wondrous miracles before our eyes, we see new beauties of color and shape and form, that were never revealed to us in our former cursory glances.

So as we look at the skies night after night, the stars may seem to be nearly all the same. Possibly, we may be able to pick out Orion and the Dipper, but that is as far as our acquaintance goes, and there seems to be little of interest or beauty in those scintillating points of light.

When primitive man, in the dim ages of the past, saw the sun come out in the east, drawn by his fiery steeds, and make his course through the sky; then at night when the moon in her erratic wanderings passed before his view surrounded by her concourse of stars, he tried to explain these things, and told stories that were attempts to account for the movements of these heavenly bodies. In Babylon and Assyria and the East men lived more in the open air and spent a good deal of their time on the house tops, from which they viewed these celestial travellers, and were thus far better acquainted with them than we are, who because of limitations of climate have to spend so much time indoors. To many of us, these things are a closed book, and we are constrained to cry with Thomas Carlyle, "why did not some one teach me the constellations and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?"

A myth is not necessarily a story made out of whole cloth, but if we could trace it to its origin in the beginning of our race, we would doubtless find there, some basis of fact and truth. It is often an explanation of a natural phenomenon that would satisfy the intellect of primitive man, for many of these myths originated in the early days of the world, and satisfied the intellect of man of that time, as a fairy story satisfies and appeals to a child today. But it is not my purpose to go into any critical dissertation, but simply to tell some of these stories that began in the childhood of the world, that more of us may be induced "to lift our eyes on high" and become better acquainted with the great universe above us.

The changes of the moon gave rise to many a myth. The moon was identified with Diana, the huntress goddess, and her frequent absence from the sky gave rise to many suspicions among the other gods and goddesses; and their suspicions seemed true, for one calm, clear night, Diana or Selene, her more ancient name, looked down upon the beautiful Endymion, as he fed his flock on Mt. Latmos and saw him sleeping. She came down to him, watched over him while he slept, and visited him again and again. But her secret could not be kept from the company of Olympus, for more frequently was she absent, and she became paler and more weary from her constant watching. When finally her love was discovered, Jupiter gave Endymion his choice of death in any manner that was preferable, or perpetual youth united with perpetual sleep. He still sleeps in his Carian cave, and still Diana leaves her place in the sky, comes to visit him, guards his sheep and lambs from beasts of prey, and gives his flocks increase.

The spots on the moon have afforded a rich subject for the play of human fancy. "Everyone" says Baring-Gould "knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who had been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. He has once visited the earth, if the nursery rhyme is to be credited, when it asserts that

'The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
And inquired the way to Norwich.'

But whether he ever reached that city, the same authority does not state." Dante calls him Cain. Chaucer has him put there for theft, and gives him a thornbrush to carry. Ordinarily, however, his offence, has been Sabbath-breaking—an idea derived from the Old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the book of Numbers, he is caught gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and as an example to mankind, he is condemned to stand forever in the moon with his bundle on his back.

We remember the old nursery rhyme:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

This may read like nonsense, but in one sense there is very little nonsense in the world. This story is a very venerable one. In Icelandic mythology we read that Jack and Jill were two children whom the moon kidnapped and carried up into heaven. They had been drawing water in a bucket which they were carrying by means of a pole placed across their shoulders. And in this attitude they have stood in the moon to the present day. They fall away one after the other as the moon wanes and their water pail represents the supposed connection of the moon with rainstorms.

On a summer's night, if you look almost directly overhead, you will see a very bright, bluish star, called Vega, (for all the brighter stars have names) and near this, you will be able to make out an almost perfect parallelogram of four pale stars known as the constellation of the Lyre. Its story is this: Orpheus was noted because he was one of the greatest musicians that ever lived, and we are told that to listen to the sweet strains of his lyre, stones and trees followed after him; the rivers stopped in their flowing, and the fish of the sea came to the shore. When he married Eurydice, his cup of joy was full, but not for long, for on his wedding day she stepped on a serpent, was bitten and died. Orpheus was inconsolable, but finally took his lyre and went down to the lower world, that he might ask Pluto, the king there, if he might bring her back. So wondrously did he play, that those who were being punished there forgot their punishment; Ixion's wheel, on which he was being whirled about, stopped turning, Sisyphus forgot to roll the stone up the hill, and the daughters of Danaus ceased filling their jar with water, which always leaked out, but all stopped to listen to the entrancing music. Pluto was so moved that he promised Orpheus that Eurydice might accompany him to the upper world, on condition that he would not look back on her. But alas! as he was coming up, he looked back to see if she were coming, and saw her fade away into thin air. Afterwards he wandered about with his lyre disconsolate, mourning for Eurydice, till finally he was torn to pieces by the maddened Bacchanals, and his lyre was placed in the skies, where you can now see it on summer nights near the great Northern Cross.

One of the most imposing objects of the skies of winter is the constellation of Orion, the mighty hunter, pursuing the Pleiades across the sky, and followed by his faithful dog Sirius. It is related that while on earth he loved Merope, daughter of the King of Chios, but as her father constantly deferred his consent to the marriage, he tried to carry off the maiden by force. Her father, incensed by his conduct, made Orion drunk, deprived him of his sight and cast him out. Afterward his sight was restored, and he dwelt as a hunter with Diana the queen of the echoing chase. Her brother, Apollo, however, was displeased at this, and observing Orion as he waded through the sea, pointed out the black object to his sister and maintained that she could not hit it. The huntress-goddess sent an arrow with fatal aim; the

waves rolled the dead body of Orion to the land, then Diana, bewailing her fatal error, placed him among the stars, where he appears as a mighty giant, still carrying his sword and club and bearskin on his shoulder, and wearing his brightly sparkling girdle.

The brightest star in the heavens is Sirius, the Dog-star which is seen in the heavens in the winter months trailing at the heels of Orion. It is called the Dog-star because it is the chief star in the constellation of the Great Dog, and it gives the name "dog-days" to the hot and trying days of summer in July and early August. During this time Sirius rises just after the sun, and as it followed the sun through the sky, though invisible, the ancients thought that in some way it was responsible for the malign heat of the midsummer sun, and exerted an evil influence on the health of those exposed to its burning rays. A very concise description is given of this star in the Iliad, where Achilles, mad with rage, was seen by Priam, "as he sped across the plain blazing as the star whom men call Orion's dog,. Brightest of all is he, yet for an evil sign is he set, and bringeth much fever on hapless men."

Around the Pleiades, after whom Orion is pursuing, has been woven many a web of fancy, as they have shone with their misty, twinkling light throughout the centuries. In Job we read, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" And Tennyson in Locksley Hall says:

Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the yellow shade,
Glitter, like a swarm of fireflies, tangled in a silver braid.

Their story is, that originally they were daughters of Atlas, and nymphs of Diana's train. Once when Orion saw them, he pursued them, and in their distress they prayed to the gods, and Jupiter changed them into pigeons and made them a constellation. Though their number was seven, only six are visible; for Electra, it is said, left her place that she might not see the ruin of Troy, which had been founded by her son Dardanus. The sight had such an effect on the sisters, that they blanched and have been pale ever since.

It would take too long to tell the story of Cassiopea, as Milton calls her:

"That starred Aethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended."

And so her daughter Andromeda was exposed to be devoured by a terrible monster. But Perseus, the hero, arrived just in the nick of time, slew the monster after a terrible conflict, and married the maiden, and now the whole family are living happily ever after, as they swing in their orbits round the North Star, Cassiopea in her chair (which resembles the letter W more than a chair) Cepheus the King by her side, Andromeda still chained to the rock, and Perseus coming to her aid with the Medusa's head in his wallet.

But I must not leave out Castor and Pollux, the Heavenly Twins, the brothers of Helen of Troy, who after death were placed in the sky and, and now you can see them on a winter's night, almost straight overhead, side by side. They were favorite Gods of the Romans and were said to have helped them at the battle of Lake Regillus.

So like they were no mortal
Might one from other know,
White as snow their armour was
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam,
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

So Macaulay refers to them, and Horace says: "When their white star shines forth for the sailors, the troubled water flows down from the rocks, the winds fall, the clouds flee away, and the threatening waves sink down in the sea." They were especially the sailors' stars, and were supposed as Horace says, to have a favorable influence on navigation. The Apostle Paul, when shipwrecked on the Island of Melita, sailed from it in "a ship of Alexandria . . . whose sign was Castor and Pollux," and of course he had a prosperous voyage to his friends in Rome. To swear by Castor and Pollux was common in ancient times, as in the expression, "Aedopal." In later times we find the expression, Oh Gemini, in reference to those twin stars, which is no doubt the origin of the modern expletive, "By Jiminy."

It is indeed interesting to have some idea of what the ancients saw as they looked at the heavens, and beheld the wonders of the stars and called them by their names; and for us there is ever new beauty to be discovered, both in the earth beneath and in the heavens above.



Students' Executive

A Travelogue

Miss J. W. Maxwell

"I would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad."

So sang Shakespeare and with his magic pen he was able to transport the stay-at-home folk of his little island to the hills of Scotland where lived the kingly Duncan; to the pleasant land of France where marched the conquering Henry V, to the court of Denmark where mused the gloomy Hamlet, and even to the sunny shores of Italy where fair Portia held her court.

With a prosaic pen but with a host of happy memories, the rich harvest of a year of travel and study "over there," I would likewise entreat your company to see with me some of the wonders of that world abroad.

Most of us through reading, as well as through contact with peoples of different countries, have entered into partial possession of lands other than our own. We know something of their people, their history, their natural beauty and their treasures of art; but the real thrill comes when after years of intellectual contact one is privileged to go in person and to actually take possession.

This to me was the feeling with which I first set foot in Scotland. Despite the fact that the Scottish blood that ran in my veins was two generations old, that there was no old homestead to visit, and no kinsmen to claim, I felt I had come home and after profiting by the kindly interest and the gracious assistance offered on every hand I felt that it was a delightful home to which to come.

Five days are all too short to become acquainted with a country as full of varied charm and interest as is Scotland. However, a day in the Trossachs which began with an early morning sail on Loch Lomond, which included a drive of ten miles with coach and four through a countryside of hill and dale where heather and bracken grew, and which ended with a boat trip on Loch Katrine past Ellen's Isle, to Trossach's Pier proved sufficient to lead us into the very heart of Scotland.

Then came Edinburgh—"mine own romantic city," as Scott called it. And the words seem fitting, for one and all fall captive under its spell. To one from a new world like ours, where history is still the making, the glamor of the old and historic makes a strong appeal. The beauty of Edinburgh adds further to its charm—the lofty castle that has made history for more than a thousand years "throned on Eternity," as one poet says; the lovely gardens that stretch below it, and which border the famous street that deservedly takes its place among the beautiful streets of the world, Princess street, Holyrood Palace, less pretentious but full of memories of that "one Queen's face that has conquered the years"—these and countless other beauty spots enchant the beholder and weave their magic spell.

From Edinburgh to Abbotsford, the home of the Wizard of the North, as Scott is so aptly called, is a pilgrimage that all lovers of this great Scotsman will be eager to make. This house, "a romance in stone and lime," still seems to hold the spirit of the great poet, for as it was designed by himself he is revealed in every part of it. It is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Tweed and into it he has succeeded in incorporating the spirit of ancient Scotland. He did this by weaving into it historic treasures from ruined Abbeys, Halls and Castles of his native country. A portal from the Old Tolbooth—the Heart of Midlothian—, a lintel from the Common Hall of Edinburgh University, a gateway from Linlithgow Palace and a roof from Roslin, and oak carvings from Dunfermline are some of the relics that he enshrined.

In itself a treasure it holds countless others. Collections of many kinds, firearms, books and jewels reveal the varied interests as well as the rare taste of the great Scotch bard.

Melrose Abbey, "Saint David's ruined pile," immortalized by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," calls back memories of the poet and also of Robert Bruce whose heart sent back from the Holy Land still reposes there and Dryburgh Abbey, a few miles distant, is another beautiful ruin and one to which new glory was added when it was chosen as the last resting place of one of Scotland's greatest sons.

From Scotland with its rugged beauty the English lake country with its quiet loveliness brings further delights. Here around these placid lakes some of England's greatest natural poets found their inspiration and memories of Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth are everywhere. It seems fitting that Grasmere, a peaceful little country village that has still retained its simple charm in spite of the assaults of countless tourists, should be the last resting place of Wordsworth, the best loved of these nature poets. This little village situated on the shores of the lake of the same name, with its old rustic houses and shops, its country lanes and flower gardens, is in complete har-

mony with its natural surroundings and one could quite easily imagine Wordsworth returning and taking possession of the little vine-covered Dove Cottage, his first home, which is furnished just as he left it, and now stands as a memorial to him. Allan Bank and Rydal Mount, his two later homes, still hold memories of him, and at the latter place we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, a nephew of the poet, a very unassuming gentleman who did his best to be a nice lion but who wasn't very fond of roaring. A view of Ullswater Lake, beside which grew "the host of golden daffodils" which inspired the familiar poem of our school-books, a climb to Greenhead Ghyll where stood the sheep-cote and the cottage which suggested the theme for Michael, a quiet hour in the village churchyard beside the grave of the poet—these are some memories which remain and will henceforth make the words of this Lake-poet more meaningful.

From the quiet of the English Lake village to Chester, an old Roman town is a far cry but the contrast but made impressions of both more lasting. At Grasmere our interest had been in nature and its beauty—here at every turn, it was the wonder of man's achievements.

Chester, one of the earliest Roman strongholds, boasts a military history since 70 A.D. The old city proper is still walled and everything about it has an old look. Many delightful memories crowd in as I recall the three happy days spent there—the memory of the glorious old Cathedral, rich with tradition and still holding its place as the spiritual home of its people; the delightful recollection of an afternoon river-trip on the River Dee of ancient fame which terminated with a visit to Taton Hall, the beautiful estate of the Duke of Westminster; the thrill of a visit to the Deanery gardens where excavations for Roman ruins were in actual progress and where some of us were given treasured bits of Samian ware credited with at least some 1850 years of age—true it is that "in the dust of Chester the spirit of Imperial Rome still lives."

From Chester we go to Stratford-on-Avon and back into a literary atmosphere again, for here Shakespeare, England's greatest poet, was born. There are several pilgrimages that the faithful make—to the old Tudor house where he was born; to the picturesque thatched cottage at Shottery, a neighboring hamlet, where he wooed and won Anne Hathaway; to the Grammar School which he as a boy attended and where youths are still seeking knowledge; to the Trinity Church with its many old relics and its pride at being the repository for the ashes of one of England's greatest sons, to the Memorial theatre where during the summer months an excellent company of actors produce his plays. The town is tourist-ridden, but a walk through the fields to Shottery, a row on the Avon or an hour in the Grammar School can enable any Shakespeare lover to bridge the centuries and to enjoy the Stratford of the Will Shakespeare who made the English language immortal.

And then comes a day at Oxford, the home of England's greatest University, delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames, enriched by centuries of culture. Even the transient tourist comes under the spell of its quiet influence, and sees in the quest of truth which has been the great quest of its famous sons, the true goal of all real living. What memories cluster around the old great walls. Merton College, which boasts the honor of being the oldest with a history going back to 1264, New College where we had tea in the great hall founded in 1379 by William of Wykeham; Balliol, which has been the intellectual home of many of England's most scholarly statesmen, the late Lord Asquith and Earl Grey of Falloden among them; Oriel, where Cardinal Newman fought his spiritual battles and where the late Cecil Rhodes perhaps conceived the great educational project he later put into execution; Christ Church, where old Tom still sounds forth its Curfew at 9.05 with 101 strokes (the original number of College Students) as a signal for closing the College gates, and Magdalen, equally interesting to us for its famous Addisonwalk and for having been the chosen college of our popular Prince of Wales. Years would be necessary to seek out all the associations of these and the remaining 21 colleges which make up this great University, but our one day was sufficient to lift the curtain and get a glimpse into its

rich past and to sense in part the contribution that is still being made to the world today and tomorrow through this great seat of learning.

Journeying southward along the Thames we reach London. This great city has been linked so closely with the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, that though we may never have seen it, though we may have no acquaintance among its millions yet it seems a familiar face, and as we tread its streets and as we ride on the top of its fascinating buses, we have the constant joy of rediscovering old friends.

To most of us the beautiful Houses of Parliament with their graceful Gothic towers, situated on the Thames embankment, is one of these familiar friends. Vivid memories of the great struggle for freedom which has gone through the centuries within its walls, crowd in upon us as we pass through its historic halls. Westminster Abbey, close by, is another and here we find embodied the spiritual history of our race. Of the building itself, magnificent though it is, time does not permit us to speak, but there are some treasures enshrined within that tell us so clearly our "storied past" that they demand passing mention.

The Chapel of the Kings, which is situated immediately behind the High Altar holds the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the founder of the Abbey. The spot on which this shrine stands is the holiest in the Abbey, resting as it does on a mound of earth brought from the Holy Land, and being placed in close proximity to the High Altar. In time this sacred shrine came to be encircled by the tombs of monarchs, the prime aspiration of each being to lie as near the great Confessor as possible. Among these tombs the most interesting are those of Edward I, one of our great soldier Kings, who lies in a plain marble tomb close beside the beautiful memorials he had made for his father, Henry III, and his loved wife, Eleanor of Castile. The Coronation Chair is there also, immediately behind the High Altar, and near the precious shrine. Under the seat of the chair rests the Stone of Scone, the Coronation stone of the Scottish Kings, which Edward I brought to England in 1296.

The Tudor Chapel, built by Henry VII, is one of the most magnificent but it fails in inspiration as it seems to have been built to the glory of the Tudors rather than to the glory of God. In the north side of this Chapel is the tomb of Elizabeth, erected by James I, and by a strange irony of fate in the south aisle is that of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose body was brought here and interred after James I had ascended the English throne. In the Poets' Corner in the Southern transept and in the Statesmen's Corner in the Northern lie many of England's great and in the centre of the nave a space is reserved for the Prime Ministers of the realm who are in the future to be honored by a place in the Abbey.

To these all pilgrims turn with reverent steps and pay homage to those who have contributed to the glory of our race, but it is when standing beside the simple marble slab in the west end of the nave that the deepest chords of our nature are touched—for 'tis here that Britain's Unknown Soldier lies. Beside this grave the King stood as Chief Mourner and here, we, too, remember gratefully the heroism and the sacrifice of our nation which he, vicariously, brought with him when he entered the Abbey. The spirit of England breathes through the simple inscription:

"They buried him among the Kings because he had done good toward God and toward His house."

The Tower of London, which has played such an important, even though tragic, part in the history of England, will be another of these old acquaintances. It was first built by William the Conqueror for the purpose of protecting and controlling the city. It was occupied as a palace by all our Kings and Queens down to Charles II, and from its earliest history it also served as a State prison. The yeomen warders, the guard of the Tower, who act as guides to visitors, are familiarly known as "Beef Eaters." They are twelve in number, and still wear the picturesque Tudor costume that was worn by the original twelve who were appointed by young Henry VIII.

There is much of interest in the Tower owing to its association with many of the most distinguished names of our history. Essex, Raleigh, Thomas More, Laud, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Dudley are some of those brought to one's mind as the various dungeons and rooms are visited. It also closes a museum in which the different types of armour that have been worn through the centuries can be seen and it has in addition, the guardianship of the Crown Jewels. These are magnificent in their splendour and include among a host of others, the Imperial State Crown with its 2818 diamonds, 297 pearls combined with many other jewels and the Royal Sceptre, which contains the largest cut diamond in the world.

After such a visit, interesting but depressing, the art galleries of the great metropolis provide a happy change. In the national gallery, facing Trafalgar Square, we find many of the famous pictures that have become familiar to us through copies—Reynold's "Age of Innocence," and "Heads of Angels," Turner's "Temeraire," Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons." In the Tate Gallery, a branch of the National, we have the home of modern British art and here we find other old friends, Burne-Jones' "King Cophetua" and the Beggar Maid," Luke Fildes familiar and loved "The Doctor," Whistler's "Old Battersea Bridge" and Watt's "Love and Life."

These and many more familiar spots greet us but they are an infinitesimal part of the great city and its life. To really catch the spirit of London one must mount to the top of an omnibus and in the jostle of her great crowds thread one's way through her maze of streets, catching glimpses here and there of her historic landmarks, Piccadilly Circus with its gaiety, Trafalgar Square with its imposing Nelson Column flanked by Landseer's lions; the Strand with its moving throngs, its bus-filled streets and its historic churches; Fleet Street, where the City of London begins, famed for its newspaper offices, its Law Courts and its beautiful Temple Court, and Ludgate Hill crowned by the glorious dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Through these magic sights and sounds London has drawn to herself the hearts of the English-speaking world and has become a Mecca to which countless thousands turn from all parts of the globe.

And here in the throbbing heart of the British Empire our journey must end. Although we have travelled less than a month and although we have covered but a few hundred miles of country we have glimpsed in part the richness of our heritage and will have lasting memories of some of these "wonders of the world abroad."

The Alumni

STRONGER than any other ties that bind are those of memory. Probably the foremost of all our memories of home and next, are those of friendships formed during the years we spent in acquiring some of our education. Memories—pleasant are always remembered with joy. Someone has said that "friendships formed in youth are friendships seldom broken." Possibly Edgar A. Guest in his poetical way has expressed it much better.

"Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share;
We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all life's splendor depends,
And the joy of this world when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends."

During the past seventeen years the doors of Regina College have swung wide to many students—these in turn have gone forth, some in quest of more knowledge

at other institutions, others to various occupations, and still others to pass their bit of knowledge on to the younger youth of this country—namely teaching.

"Who are these students and what are they doing?" Often is the question asked at re-unions, and places wherever ex-students meet. So for the sake of those interested in knowing something of the "doings" and "whereabouts" of some of the ex-students of Regina College—"Let us gossip of one another's virtues—the vice will take care of themselves."

1911-12. Robert R. Morrison—pastor of Grandview United Church, Vancouver, B.C.

1911-12. Dr. Herbert Andrews—on the staff of Fort Qu'Appelle Sanitorium.

1911-12. Harold Hunt—Secretary Y.M.C.A. at Washington Courthouse, Ohio.

1911. Rev. F. G. Gardiner, Kipling, Sask.

1911-12. Dr. Frank Elkerton—practising medicine at Toronto, Ontario.

1911-12. Sterling Hubbs—home in Bladworth.

1911-12. Edith Longworthy—now Mrs. Ness, Rosetown, Sask.

1911-14. J. E. Roswell Doxsee—teaching English at Regina Central Collegiate.

1914-15. and married Mary Robertson of Coldwater, Ontario.

1912-13. Mr. P. E. C. Ecob—teacher of Latin, Bedford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon, Sask.

1912-13. James A. MacFarlane—first Rhodes scholar—is now practising medicine.

1912-13. John Franklin Booth—on staff of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

1913-14. Fletcher Robinson—at present in business in the city—married Miss Joy Smith.

1914-15—Chelsea Reive—taught in Regina College 1916-17—at present teaching in one of Toronto Collegiates.

1914-15—Jacob Benson—was noticed in the city last summer, while attending a convention. He is still at his old home.

1914-15. Esther Lewis—now Mrs. N. H. Colter, on a farm near her old home.

1914-15. Winnifred Wagg—living at La Habra, Calif.

1914-15. Ruth Willsey—now Mrs. Victor Wilkinson of Yellowgrass, Sask.

1914-16. Mildred Kinney—now Mrs. Pearce of Brora.

1915-16. Dr. Alec Juph—entering into partnership with Dr. Van Woert in the city.

1915-16. Dr. Howard Newsome—practising in Berkley, Calif.—married Marie Ellwood, who completed her Phd. course.

1916-17. Eric McKay—teaching in Frances.

1916-17. Valeria Chisholm—attending United Church Deaconess School in Toronto.

1917-1. Beatrice Anderson—teaching school in British Columbia.

1917-18. Rev. Tom Currant—pastor of Sixth Ave. United Church of this city.

1918-19. Dorothy Worthenback—attending University of Alberta, Edmonton.

1918-19. Arlington Shattuck—in bank at Morse, Sask.

1918-20. J. M. Minifie—second Rhodes scholar—still in England pursuing his studies.

1918-22. Francis Doxsee—received last year at Victoria U. of T., Kylie Memorial scholarship in history, at present studying at Oxford University.

1919-20. "Chuck" Stuart—now studying at Oxford and preparing for boys' work.

1919-20. Alice Stice—on staff of Yorkton Collegiate.

1919-20-23-25. Hattie McKenzie—teaching at her home in Pelly, Sask.

1919-22. Katherine Lamont—home at Ottawa, studying preparatory to entering Oxford next year.

1920-21. Muriel Taylor, R. U.—nursing in General Hospital in the city.

1920-21. Gerald Furber—called at college lately—teaching in Sask.

1921-22. Dr. Wm. Milburn, practising dentistry in Swift Current, Sask.

1922-24. "Red" Thackeray, B.A.—at University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

1922-23. Frank Roshier—attending Medical College of University of Alberta at Edmonton.

- 1922-27. Margaret Stapleford—attending Conservatory of Music, Toronto.
- 1923-24. Lucile E. Jones—teaching at Manor.
- 1923-24. Edith Moen—attending Normal in the city.
- 1923-24. Phyllis Slater—at University of Saskatchewan.
- 1923-25. Phyllis Robb—teaching at Hawarden.
- 1923-26. Pearl Johnson—teaching music at Drinkwater, Sask.
- 1923-25. Vern Hartness—at University of Saskatchewan.
- 1923-24. Rema Ross—at University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
- 1923-25. Mabel McCallum—teaching at Wiseton.
- 1924-25. "Bus" Warner—teaching at her home.
- 1924-25. Bertha and Illa Robinson—at home in the city.
- 1924-25. Francis Hamilton—working in city.
- 1924-26. Vernon Fowke—at University of Saskatchewan.
- 1926-27. "Bunny" Bunnell—at Normal in city.
- 1926-27. "Bob" Stanley—at Normal in city.
- 1926-27. Mildred Thackeray—at her home.
- 1926-27- "Gwen" Baker—at University of Saskatchewan.

Much of the above information has been made possible through the kindness and interest of Prof. Doxsee, who has always shown himself interested in the ex-students and their doings.

The time has now come for us, as ex-students to organize a real Alumni and Alumnae, so that we can keep in touch with one another.

KATHLEEN R. HALL.

Amnesia

Harold M. Colter

From his office window in the "Colburg Sun" building, Arthur Jameson, the star-reporter of the paper, saw with listless non-appreciation the glorious sunset which brushed the snowy tops of the mountains with liquid gold. It was the hottest part of the summer. News is most needed then and hardest to obtain. His note-book before him showed a few futile attempts at writing a feature story for the next day's issue. There were a few sentences intended for part of a "sob-story" of a youngster that had been crying as if his heart would break because he could not go to the beach with the rest of the gang. The story had wandered into a maze of bewildering ideas which he could never hope to solve.

Another article had been attempted and likewise had dwindled into confusion. It dealt in a speculative manner with the possibility of a pair of twins being born to different families, one in each family. This imaginative paragraph, which undoubtedly had great metaphysical possibilities, had been inspired by his meeting on the streets of the city that afternoon a person who was almost an exact mirror image of himself. He knew that the person in question was Len Tate. The young gentleman was a book-keeper in a hardware on Delaware St. But as mentioned, the story had too many possibilities and not enough probabilities. It was finished by a long wavy scrawl of his pencil and had its final ending some ten feet distant in the wastepaper basket.

Jameson swung lazily around on his swivel chair and prepared to leave the stifling atmosphere of the office for the almost equally stifling atmosphere of out-of-doors. His half-formed determination was broken by the sudden ringing of his desk-phone.

"Muriel?" he conjectured inwardly as he reached for the phone, and blushed at his frivolity when he heard a man's voice speaking.

"Is Mr. Jameson there?" enquired the voice.

"Yes sir. What can I do for you?"

"This is Dr. Sudow speaking. Could you drop in at my office at 14 Mason Avenue and look over a new experiment? Right away, if possible."

"Certainly. I'll be right over."

Suiting his action to his words he hung up the receiver, snatched his hat from the rack and raced out of the room and down the stairs to the street.

"Dr. Sudow—eccentric old gent,—didn't see much possibilities in him for news, though. Wonder what he has to show me?"

These and similar thoughts raced through his mind as he hurried through the dusk along Mason Avenue to the large gloomy stone building that was the residence and office of the doctor. A few more blocks and near the edge of the city loomed dark against the dim light of the sky the tall, dense poplars that grew in front of the house. He mounted the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a Japanese servant. Before it had closed behind him, Doctor Sudow himself appeared.

A little, wizened old man, he reminded one of a weasel. The sharp black eyes and the Mephistophelian appearance of his features seemed to exercise an almost hypnotic effect on all who beheld him. Now he advanced with a sinister grin that was intended for an ingratiating smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Jameson. You are indeed prompt in coming."

The reporter felt that, from the way his rapid walk had made him perspire, he had been a little too prompt.

"I have something that I think will repay your visit. Something very interesting—very interesting. Come right into my office, sir. This way. Thank you."

All through this rapid speech he kept bowing and smirking in such a manner that it unpleasantly reminded Jameson of the fable of "The Spider and the Fly." He was reassured, however, by the fact that all his patients remarked that in spite of the doctor's forbidding appearance he was actually kindness personified. He thought it best, in spite of this assurance, to ask the doctor the purpose of his visit.

"Why did I ask you to come?" said Dr. Sudow, and continued in a half-apologetic manner: "Well, perhaps this experiment might not be so startling from a news point of view. But I thought there might be some phase of it that would interest you."

"What is the experiment?" enquired Jameson, impatiently.

"To tell the truth, it is only a new device for measuring nerve force and heart action."

Jameson did not think the statement had a true ring to it but answered nothing and followed him silently into his office.

This office was not unusual in appearance except that it had more than an unusual abundance of the gruesome trophies of the profession on the desk and book-case. In one corner stood a large chair to which were attached numerous dials and wires.

"That is the machine, there," said Sudow, indicating the unusual contrivance. "Would you mind seating yourself in it so that I may demonstrate it? Or would you prefer that I use Yasu?"

The servant, who had followed them into the office, expressed his willingness by a nod. Jameson hastily interposed and said that he was entirely willing to submit to the ordeal. At the doctor's request the reporter stripped to the waist and sat down. As he did so, he thought he heard the sound of irregular breathing from behind the chair. Two or three wires were snapped to each wrist and several moist sponges were pressed to the base of his skull and at intervals along his spinal column. By the time the preparations were completed he was absolutely certain that someone was breathing heavily behind him, but he asked no questions.

Dr. Sudow's hand crept toward the switch. A moment and the machine would be in action. His eyes gleamed with diabolical glee. Jameson was seized with a sudden spasm of terror. A fleeting thought of electrocution swept through his mind. He attempted to spring from the chair. The switch snapped shut. Through him shot an

electric thrill followed by sensations of nausea and utter helplessness. After what seemed a century of fear and confusion, although it actually was but a few moments, he was released. He stumbled to the door. Once outside he wandered aimlessly through the night.

* * * * *

Late the next day he arrived at his office. A copy of the noon edition of the paper lay on his desk. He turned the pages over listlessly. His nerves were all a-tremble. He felt as if the burden of a half-century had been added to his years during the past night and he was now an aged man. The experience of the previous evening had horribly enervated him.

As he looked over the headings of the articles he was startled to see his own name in one of the headings. The article in question amazed him by its strange contradiction of facts. It said that he had been discovered near midnight, scantily clad, wandering about the city and apparently suffering from a lapse of memory. After being taken into custody by the police, the article went on to state, he had recovered sufficiently to be taken to his boarding house.

The article seemed perfectly absurd. He wondered if he, like Rip Van Winkle, had been asleep for twenty years. He looked at the date of the paper and even felt to see if he had grown long whiskers. But no, everything was as it should be except the statements in that paragraph. He knew that he had slept on the edge of a ravine on the outskirts of the city all night. He knew that he had not been at his rooms since the preceding morning. He again looked at the paper to see if his eyes were deceiving him or not. He then arose and went over to his boarding house.

There everything was in order and as he would have left it. Upon closer investigation he found that a suit, a pair of shoes and some other clothes had been taken from his rooms. He phoned the police station and reported his loss. They asked him what the idea was of reporting the same thing twice and told him to come over there as they had arrested the thief.

When he arrived at the magistrate's office he found that they had Dr. Sudow under arrest. As he entered the room Sudow pointed to him and said to the justice of the peace, "I said that I had not stolen his clothes. Those are the same as he wore when he came to my place last night."

"No," Jameson affirmed, "he has stolen nothing from me. Whatever is missing has been taken from my rooms."

At this statement the magistrate grew very red in the face and very angry. He told both Jameson and the doctor to leave the courtroom immediately thinking them crazy. As they were leaving, Dr. Sudow apologized profusely to Jameson for what had happened the night previous. He had explained that he had under-estimated the strength of the battery. It was the excessive current that had brought on the evil effects.

When the reporter arrived again at the office he immediately went to see the general manager and asked him if he might have the rest of the week as a holiday.

"Why, certainly, Art," said the manager, "but isn't it rather strange that you should come in and ask for your assignment of work for the afternoon but fifteen minutes ago and now ask for a holiday?"

"But I was at the court-house fifteen minutes ago."

"Why you must be crazy—" But James left the room before the manager could finish his sentence. As he hurried down the street his mind was in a turmoil. He began to wonder if he were not actually insane.

That evening he dined at a down-town restaurant. As he looked over the evening paper he was surprised to see the sob-story he had begun the previous day completed and printed on the front page.

About eight o'clock he phoned Muriel's home to see if she would like to attend a show with him that evening. The maid answered the phone.

"Hello, Bessie, could I speak to Miss Muriel?"

"Who's speakin'" enquired Bessie.

"This is Arthur Jameson. Don't you recognize my voice?"

"Yessir. I recognize your voice, but Mr. Jameson went out with Miss Muriel a half a hour ago."

Jameson dropped the receiver and staggered out-of-doors. He wandered about the city for hours. He finally entered his office in the "Sun" building and slept in the swivel chair until seven o'clock the next morning when he was awakened by a persistent ringing of the phone.

"Could you go over to Dr. Sudow's place?" It was the general manager's voice. "I saw a light in your office so thought you were there. The old gent has committed suicide."

When he arrived at the place fifteen minutes later he found two officers and the coroner in the office examining Sudow's body. Yasu was standing nearby wringing his hands. Another man was investigating the strange chair in the corner. Jameson thought that the suit which the man was wearing looked familiar but he paid little attention to him. He stood with the other men and looked at the inert corpse lying in a pool of blood upon the floor..

"Suicide while temporarily insane,"—the coroner was jotting a few notes in a book he held in his hand. "By the way! What is this paper in his breast pocket?" One of the policemen removed it and found it to be a letter. The person who had been standing by the fantastic device in the corner came and stood beside Jameson. The latter turned and looked at him.

"Why, Tate! What does this mean?"

"But you—you are Tate, aren't you?" queried the other, as a vague look of doubt passed over his face.

"Just a minute," said the coroner as he took the paper from the officer and opened it.

The two stood and silently listened while the letter was read. It proved to be the solution of the whole problem. It was a bizarre confession of the events of that strange night. It contained the whole explanation of the incident that almost led to the destruction of all Jameson's hopes of future happiness.

The coroner cleared his throat and slowly unravelled the message which meant so much to the two men. As he read the twisted characters that composed it, Tate and Jameson stood with their features clouded with perplexity and doubt.

"I have reached the hour of greatest triumph," the weird letter read, "and I have determined to die in the moment of my supreme happiness. I have conquered mind and man as no other has ever done. Power, power has been mine and I die unvanquished except by death itself.

"To those friends who have so kindly aided me in my experiment, I refer to Mr. Leonard Tate and Mr. Arthur Jameson, I express my sincere apologies for any inconvenience I may have caused them. Mr. Tate will remain assured that the effects of the experiment will shortly disappear.

"The two discoveries which I have made relate to the artificial production of amnesia, or loss of memory, and the artificial conduction of nervous energy.

Jameson laughed also, although he felt a temporary inclination to strike Tate. in a cup of coffee while he was dining with me on the night before last. Mr. Jameson was then seated in the chair in the corner and his mental system linked with that of Mr. Tate by means of sponge electrodes saturated with the gelatinous substance that conducts nervous energy. The dials on the chair have nothing to do with the mechanism. Mr. Tate's mind had been rendered blank for the time being by the effects of the drug. Accordingly the mental impressions from Mr. Jameson's mind were impressed on his. When he recovered consciousness he naturally thought himself to be Mr. Jameson. The reaction of the two on meeting one another would doubtlessly prove very interesting. I regret that it is impossible for me to see it.

"I would advise Mr. Tate to get as far away from Colburg as possible if he wishes to recover his previous memories clearly and quickly."

The letter ended with a few remarks as to the disposal of his property.

The next morning Jameson and Tate went to the station together. Tate was leaving for California.

"You know all my failings, Len," said Jameson. "I hope you will never find occasion to blackmail me."

"No danger," replied the other with a laugh, "but I wonder what Muriel will think when she finds she has kissed an utter stranger?"

Jameson laughed also, although he felt a temporary inclination to strike Tate. Later, when he found that Tate had forgotten to return his suit, he wished that he had acted on the impulse.

The article on unrelated twins was never finished. Jameson decided, when he considered his own experience, that it was the most insipid piece of writing he had ever penned.

FINIS

Social Section

Editor: Beryl Maxwell

THE FACULTY RECEPTION

The first social event of our College Year was the Faculty Reception held on October 3rd, 1927, in the Reception Room of the Ladies' Residence.

Receiving the guests were Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Stapleford, Prof. and Mrs. F. E. Wagg, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Tomlinson and Miss Jessie W. Maxwell.

During the course of the evening, the students formed themselves into various groups and indulged in contests. One of these was to compose a telegram, the words to have as initial letters, the letters of "Regina College." The telegram to merit the prize was "Ruth eats garlic in nobody's absence; consequently on Long Lake everybody goes East."

While the Grand March was in progress, each student was given a bright, tissue paper cap as a favor, after which a delightful lunch was served by the Faculty.

This first enjoyable evening of our College Year was concluded with the National Anthem and the College Yells.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On the night of October 29, the students and members of the Faculty gathered in the Girls' Reception Room. There was a great variety of costumes, many of which were very suitable for the occasion, namely, a Hallowe'en Party.

Partners were chosen and a Grand March followed. We were taken through dark corridors and spooky rooms, where witches and elves lurked. Then we were taken to the gymnasium, where the Grand March was continued, for the benefit of the judges, who found it difficult to choose the winning costumes. These were as follows:

Jean Prosser—A Gypsy.

Mabel Emerson—The Man with the Long Nose.

William Miller—Robin Hood.

Harry Wood and Bruce Taylor—The Siamese Twins.

After this promenade, a peanut hunt was organized and games, relays and contests followed. Some sketches of Hallowe'en, given by the Girls' Dramatic Class under the direction of Miss Smith, brought to a close the program in the gym. The company then adjourned to the Assembly Hall where lunch, one of the most welcome features of the program, was served.

The National Anthem, College and Varsity Yells brought to a close this most enjoyable evening.

SKATING PARTIES

Early in the winter season, the students and members of the Faculty enjoyed themselves at a skating party, at the Arena Rink. The ice was in excellent condition and the skaters full of pep, so that the two hours on the ice passed all too quickly.

After the last band the jolly crowd wended their way back to the College, where they joined a group of boys and girls who had spent the evening at games and contests.

Needless to say, it was a hungry bunch who did justice to the sandwiches, coffee and doughnuts served at the close of the evening. After the National Anthem had been sung, the College yells were given with greater vim than ever before.

During the remainder of the skating season, several smaller parties were arranged by the Students' Executive. All of these were greatly enjoyed by the boys and girls.

SUNDAY EVENINGS

During the winter season, several vesper services were held immediately after supper in the Assembly Hall. These were conducted by various members of the Faculty and Executive, and were greatly appreciated by all who attended them.

An interesting program was given Sunday, November 13th, in the Girls' Reception Room, when Armistice Day was fittingly commemorated. Prof. F. E. Wagg gave an impressive address, challenging us to make Armistice Day not only a day of remembrance, but also one of determination to work for the ideals for which our soldiers fought. A reading by Miss Willoughby, a solo by Lily Marriott and a piano selection by Eileen Gilroy, added much to the enjoyment of the program.

After light refreshments and the National Anthem, the company dispersed.

THEATRE PARTY

On the evening of Friday, December 9th, the student body of the College turned out in large numbers to attend a musical opera "All at Sea," put on by the Regina Normal School under the direction of Miss Peers.

The College boys and girls sat together in a block on the ground floor of the Auditorium and enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent.

The opera was a delight to all the audience; not only were the solo parts well taken but the choruses were extremely fine and congratulations were certainly forthcoming to Miss Peers for the success of the evening.

About eleven o'clock the students assembled at the College where a fine lunch brought another pleasant evening to a close.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

On Sunday, December 18th, we gathered in the Girls' Reception Room for our Christmas entertainment, the last social event of the year 1927.

A talk entitled "Christmas Around the World," given by Miss J. Maxwell, was the first number of a delightful program. The other items were as follows:

Solo—Lily Marriott.

Reading—Lola Fosnot.

Piano Selection—May McClelland.

Violin Solo—William Lang.

After an enjoyable lunch, the party broke up with the singing of the National Anthem.

HARD TIME PARTY

On the night of January 20, 1928, there gathered in the Ladies' Reception Room, a goodly number of students and Faculty in the best of spirits and the oldest of "togs" for a real party.

The "Hard Time" guests were divided into three groups, the members of which enjoyed old-fashioned games and songs in the Gymnasium, Assembly Hall and Reception Room.

About ten o'clock, all the lumber-jacks, hired men and gingham-clad girls lined themselves up in the Assembly Room for a cafeteria lunch. After the sandwiches, coffee and pie had disappeared, the jolly evening was brought to a close with "God Save the King" and the College and Varsity yells, the guests departing, with newspaper serviettes as souvenirs.

VALENTINE PARTY

Instead of a regular Valentine Party, a special dinner was served in the dining room on the night of February 14th.

The Home Economics Class, under the direction of Miss Robson, had previously festooned the tables with red and white streamers and in addition, had covered the lights with red, so that the dining-room was fittingly decorated for the occasion. Even Miss Theal, in planning the menu, had not forgotten the "red heart" which appeared in ice-cream.

After dinner the company went to the Assembly Hall where a pleasant program was given. This consisted of:

Talk—"Origin of Valentine"—Miss Verna Smith.

Reading—Ethel Patrick.

Vocal Solo—Lily Marriott.

Reading—Jean Brown.

The program concluded with the opening of the Valentine Box, the valentines being distributed among the students by members of the Executive. Again, the College yells were much in evidence before the party broke up.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE JOINT EXECUTIVE

Early in November, a very impressive ceremony took place in the Chapel when the members of the Students' Executive were installed in their new offices

The first to be installed by Dr. E. W. Stapleford were the presidents of the girls' and boys' executives, Anne Lloyd and Basil Hills respectively. Dr. Stapleford then presented Basil Hills with the gavel of authority, who, with the assistance of Anne Lloyd, installed the following executive:

Girls

Vice-President—Alice Crosby

Secretary—Betty Benwell.

Pres. of Girls' Committee—Jeanie Martin.

Day Students' Representative—Adeline Gibson.

Boys

Vice-President—Lawrence Drummond.

Secretary—Clifford Gilroy.

Pres. of Boys' Committee—Clifford Erratt.

Day Students' Representative—Andrew Hall.

After the officers had been installed, a very interesting and helpful address was given by Rev. R. M. Thompson, Pastor of Carmichael United Church.

The evening was concluded with the National Anthem.

COLLEGE BANQUET

One of the most outstanding social functions of the year was the Annual College Banquet which was held in the dining room of Regina College on Friday evening, March 9th, at 6.30 o'clock.

The guests included Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Stapleford, two representatives of the Board of Governors; Mr. D. J. Thom and Mr. F. N. Darke and their wives; Miss Margaret Addison, Dean of Annesley Hall, Toronto; Dr. Peter Bryce, General Secretary

of the Maintenance and Extension Fund for Canada, the Faculty, Representatives from Second Year Arts, ex-students and both the non-resident and resident students.

The dining hall was effectively decorated for the event in yellow and green, while the tables centred with bouquets of yellow daffodils carried out the color scheme.

After a delicious dinner, a miscellaneous program was presented.

A vote of thanks to Miss Theal and the College was moved by Mr. Basil Hills and seconded by Miss Anne Lloyd.

A most enjoyable evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem and the College and Varsity yells.

TEAS AND RECEPTIONS

Three teas were given in the Reception Hall of the Ladies' Residence during the winter season. The guests at these various teas were the non-resident girls, and the resident girls who were not attending College when the first reception was held. For each tea, a charming program was provided by the different committees in charge.

During the Spring term, two large receptions were held when the girls of the College entertained their friends, the ex-students, and the girls of Qu'Appelle Diocesan and Luther College. The guests were received by Mrs. E. W. Staplford, Miss J. W. Maxwell and Miss Anne Lloyd.

In the course of the afternoons, musical numbers were rendered by several of the music students.

The tea-table for the first reception was presided over by Mrs. E. R. Doxsee, and Mrs. G. H. Glover and for the second, Mrs. W. H. McEwen and Mrs. G. J. Tomlinson. Assisting in serving the guests were various groups of girls.

ENTERTAINMENTS BY THE DRAMATIC CLUBS

The Girls' Dramatics' Class under the direction of Miss Smith, gave us two very fine evenings. The first program was given shortly before Christmas when a selection from "Birds' Christmas Carol" was presented. Every part was admirably taken from that of Mrs. Ruggles down to Baby Larry.

During the evening, the College Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. G. D. McPeck, gave several fine selections.

The second entertainment was given on the evening of March 2nd, when the same group of girls augmented by a few students gave another enjoyable program. The various numbers were as follows:

Orchestra Selection

One Act Play—"Seven to One"

Reading—Ethel Patrick.

One Act Play—"The Wedding Present"

The evening was concluded with the National Anthem and the College and Varsity yells.

A Queer Kid

Howard—"I never like to eat."

Bill—"Why's that?"

Howard—"It spoils my appetite."

Very Complimentary

Mary Jane—"Johnny, don't you think I'm a little pale?"

John Hook—"No, Mary, I think you're a rather large tub."

Weddings

Fowke-Bolton

On June 30th, 1927, a quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bolton, Drinkwater, when their daughter, Catherine Alberta, became the bride of Stanley Nesbitt Fowke. Rev. J. W. King officiated.

After the ceremony, the happy couple left for Neville, the home of the groom. They later took up residence at Drinkwater.

The bride was President of the Resident girls of Regina College for the year of 1927-27 and the groom was also a former student.

Hall-Craven

A quiet wedding was solemnized at Holy Rosary Cathedral, Regina, by Rev. J. S. Cunningham, on Wednesday, July 20, 1927, when Kathleen R. Craven became the bride of Andrew Hall. The attendants were Miss Dorothea Deeks, of Assiniboia, sister of the bride and Mr. A. W. Hall, of Elkhorn, Man., brother of the groom.

After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served in the dining hall of Hotel Champlain to the immediate relatives of the family.

The happy couple left on the Trans-Canada for eastern points.

Ross-MacLandres

A very pretty wedding took place at Piapot, Sask., on July 9th, 1927, when Jane Irene MacLandres became the bride of David Ross of Regina. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Gawthrop.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross left on a honeymoon trip to Vancouver and Victoria, after which they returned to Regina where they are now residing.

Mrs. Ross was formerly the nurse at Regina College for two years.

Doig-Hales

On July 27th, 1927, a very pretty wedding was solemnized in First United Church, Brandon, when Marion Margaret Hales, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hales, Brandon, became the bride of David Robertson Doig, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Doig, Brandon. Dr. W. A. Cook of Killarney and former pastor of the church officiated. Miss Mary Henderson of Souris, presided at the organ and during the signing of the register Miss Helen Johnson sang Schumann's "Dedication."

The attendants were Miss Evelyn Doig and Mr. Arthur Hay.

Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held in the auditorium of the Normal School, attended by a large and distinguished group of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Doig left later in the afternoon for a trip to various places in Ontario and Quebec, travelling by way of the Great Lakes.

Mrs. Doig was formerly teacher of Home Economics in Regina College.

Conservatory Notes

Velma Cameron, Reporter

FACULTY RECITAL

The annual recital given by the Faculty of Regina College Conservatory of Music was held in the Metropolitan Church on November the fourteenth. The music students of the conservatory as well as the music lovers of Regina look forward to these recitals with a keen interest. Through channels such as these comes a deeper appreciation of the best in music and after listening to these artists one feels inspired with higher ideals.

STUDENT RECITALS

Most interesting has been the series of student recitals held in the Conservatory during the winter term. To students, teachers and outsiders these recitals prove to be of much value, and are particularly so to those who take part.

Probably the one recital which most claimed our attention was one given in November, by Miss Margaret Buck, A.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. Geo. Coutts. The performance, and work behind the performance, of this young lady offers inspiration to every ambitious music student in the Conservatory.

Now, there is an incentive for us! To give a recital one's-self and to do it as ably as did Miss Buck.

Since the New Year, many students have done something in recital work, for recitals were arranged which would take in a student of any grade.

First, for "Intermediate," second, for "Associate," third for "Junior and Intermediate." These recitals were held on Tuesday evenings, and arrangements made, that Thursday of the same week, the programme should be repeated from the broadcasting station, C.K.C.K.

Mr. Dan. A. Cameron introduced many of his students in a vocal recital, given early in March, which included only students of Mr. Cameron, and in this way differed from the other recitals at which pupils of all the teachers of the Conservatory took part.

There have also been the Saturday afternoon recitals, especially for the children. Many of us wish we had been brought up on recitals so that we might have been accustomed to playing in public at an early age, and here is the opportunity for all children who study music at Regina College.

These recitals are very valuable also to older students who plan to teach, and should be attended regularly and followed in careful detail, for the personal instruction of would-be-music teachers.

Charlotte L. Tutt.

Popular Song Hits

"Give Me a Cosy Little Corner."—Lloyd Measner.

"Side by Side."—Ruth and Eleanor.

"Drifting and Dreaming."—Hugh Davidson.

"Where'd You Get Those Eyes."—Bland Massey.

"Is It Possible."—Captain Kidd.

"Among My Souvenirs."—Karl Wilson.

"Baby Face."—Jack Black.

VIVISECTION

In writing for such a high-power publication as the "Register," I deem it advisable to open intimately and without preamble; hence and once, these very personal questions:—

"Is your education to be ready-made or tailor-made? Is your mind set on one or the other? Have you a mind, that is, a mind of your own? Are you simply acquiring an intellectual hand-me-down, guaranteed to fit anybody and everybody, or is it to be a special make, one that will fit you and no one else, that will set off your fine points and stand the wear and tear?"

If choice is possible, and it is, what does a student need most to assist him in annexing the better type of garment?

He needs (1) plan; (2) moral backbone and (3) belief in his personal genius. These will do, with which to go on.

(1) Few work according to plan. The drifters, the respectable, easy-going humdrummers are in the majority. The "steerers" are the "born leaders."

(2) All white men, male and female, have, and are such because of moral backbone, the decent, iron quality that makes them stand up.

(3) Belief in his personal genius made Lindbergh. Prior to his Paris flight he was called mad. His castles in the air materialized. He built them on the rock of faith,—faith in Lindbergh.

The student knows these things of old. He's heard them over and over again, ad nauseam. What holds him in thrall? The lotus eater's easy-going drift, (no plan). Being satisfied to "get by," to lean on father, (no backbone). Attempting to be like someone else, (personal genius smothered in copying process).

Active or passive, he needs help, encouragement, guidance. Yea, even the chap who knows it all. He doesn't, of course. His technique, being limited, is faulty. He is a trying specimen, admittedly, but he has the right idea, faith in himself. I wonder if those who squelch him don't roll him out, not, as they fondly imagine, for his soul's good, but because his force is a challenge? If it be, it should be regarded as a challenge, not to cavemen instincts, but to superior experience.

He needs freedom from certain popular fallacies that do him harm. Fallacies, (mock-truths), are like rotten eggs. They look sound . . .

Here is a very bad one. "Self consciousness is a form of conceit." It is not. It is a feeling of strangeness born of new surroundings. What is more natural and inevitable than that young people should be affected by it? It is bad enough as it is, but why add insult to injury by forcing the twiching victim to believe that he suffers because of his own big-headedness? Don't believe it, gentlemen. It is gross untruth. Other paralyzers are held in solution in "The way is long and dreary," "The daily grind," "Blue Monday," etc. These lethal draughts should be recognized for what they are, spiritual poisons. "Never take the advice of a discouraged (that is, lazy,) man" is sound truth.

Here are two home-made ones. (1) The "distant pasture" mirage. "When I get out on my own, watch my smoke." This is genius, sprouting. Sprouting in what? Lindbergh knew how before he flew to Paris. His record to date proves his amazing skill. When checked by his friends for doing stunts in a French army plane, he said, "I don't know what they think of my ability in general, but, when I'm in the air, I do know what I am doing."

(2) "The world is against me. I'm not this or that or (insert here, clever, witty, handsome, or any other desirable). Wrong again. Caesar and Napoleon and Voltaire were all small, homely men. This "inferiority complex" is an alien, as useless and as painful as a boil. It should be cauterized.

Here is a "professional" number. "There is no royal road to learning." The student sometimes gathers from his portentous left-to-the-jaw, not what is meant, (that one doesn't get the good things of this life lying down, which, of course, is painfully true), but a disturbing feeling that ahead of him lies a vast and terrifying morass which his elders, by virtue of special intellectual brilliance, have magnificently negotiated. Which is very silly. The road, royal or otherwise, to learning, can be chartered just as clearly as the road to Yellowstone, and grandiloquent but well-meant references to its non-existence only confuse.

No one is subjected to so constant and embarrassing a vivisectional process as the poor student. He should do his own. It is less painful. When he does he will find out that to wear what everybody else wears, to think what everybody else thinks, to ape and wiseacre, scorn the toiler, and generally join the nit-wits, is to sell plan, backbone and personal genius, his precious birthright, for a vitaminless mess of potage

Dan A. Cameron.



REGINA COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

The term 1927-28 brings around the third year for the Regina College Orchestra under the leadership of Mr. G. Dewey McPeek.

The orchestra has become a part of the college routine, helping with social evenings, sing-songs and plays put on by the dramatic society. It has become a college necessity, playing for the Annual College banquet and Second Year Arts, at Carmichael Church, put on a programme at Chalmers' Church and played for the Second Year Art play, and on Friday, March the sixteenth, it broadcasted.

Every Wednesday, the members meet for practice, sometimes producing sounds which couldn't be called musical.

We hope that the College Orchestra will continue to have the support of the student body in the years to come. We take this opportunity in thanking and congratulating Mr. G. Dewey McPeek for his untiring efforts in training the orchestra. We hope that he will continue his work in keeping those who desire to learn more along musical lines.

The present organization of the orchestra is as follows: Conductor and first violinist, G. Dewey McPeek; other first violinists, Jean Hendershot, William Lang, John Mihain; second violinists, Viola Moore, Mervin Plant, Fay Stephesan, John Fenwick; pianist, Velma E. Cameron; 'cello, Dorothy Wilbur; saxophone, Mabel Emerson; Trombone, Clifford Errat, Harold Crosley; cornet, Stanley Radtke, Raymont Bancroft.

Always ready for a dare.
 We've heard that Bud can sling a line
 About that girl "Sweet Adeline."
 Jeanie is a damsel fair,
 With grey blue eyes and golden hair.
 Carmen's got us all perplexed.

Whatever will that boy do next.
Fifth Form can boast poets too.
It's Colter that we name to you.
Sylvia's ways are pretty flirty.
Karl is the humorist of Year Thirty.
Charlie, there, is quite sedate,
With him our Marion made a date.
Of maidens quiet we have three,
Orvina, Margaret and Georgie.
A stately girl by name of Anne
Has interest in an outside man.
McIvor's of our generous chumps,
We always think he has the mumps.
Among us is a darn good scout,
We never know what Tully's about.
Margaret C. sure takes the cake,
McEwen cannot make her quake.
Over essays Jean does stew,
They're nearly always overdue.
Another bright star is Luella.
We all think she's some "puella."
Dot and Ethel make a pair,
We're sure they'll never get air.
With us there is a tiny lass,
Hattie's the midget of the class.
We've come to Ruth and Lorne—Amen;
They're always late and miss some chem.
The last is Andy with his wife,
Leading a happy, contented life.
And if you think this state sublime—
Why, follow him at any time.

Verse

COSMOPOLITAN

I'd like to be a vagabond
And roam o'er all the earth.
To lead a careless gipsy life,
And know what free life's worth.

I'd walk the forest's long, dim trails.
I'd tread the trackless sands.
To where since ages long gone by,
The silent, huge Sphinx stands.

I'd seek the cities of lost kings
'Neath India's fiery sky.
I'd go where Persia raises her
Old battlements on high.

I'd wander through kings' palaces
Where life with pleasure hums.
In time of peace I'd rest; in war
I'd seek the rolling drums.

And so I'd wander on and on
And be a friend to man.
But never once I'd wander back
To where my march began.

ANON.

THE CUP

The Outside

If Work's in Pleasure's way
Take Pleasure while you may
You have not long to stay
But a short time to play
Night comes to vanquish Day.
Where then Thou?

'Twixt joy and labor choose?
Must we life's sweet refuse?
We have no time to lose.
Pluck now the fading Rose,
Ere o'er life's path it blows.
Pleasure now

The Inside

Where lies the pain in labor?
Rest comes to him at night,
Who in his day's endeavor
Hath fought an honest fight.

Why seek for your diversion
In whirls of giddy joys?
False pleasure brings reversion
Which pleasure's self destroys.

Upwards press we to our goal.
Wide our banner is unfurled.
On our standard's flaming scroll:
"Who ruled Self—He rules the World."
ANON.

Athletics

The great god, Sport, glanced back over Regina College's athletic activities in the Fall of 1927 and in the Spring of 1928 and smiled a satisfied smile

In retrospect, he saw the Regina College Rugby Team win five straight games, scoring 109 points to their opponents' 12; he saw the Hockey team come through their season with eight wins, two ties and no losses, amassing a total of 57 goals while their opponents scored but 11; he saw the Basketball team score nine decisive victories with no losses

But the old boy's vision is by no means limited. He saw many and varied things, among which was the abundance of new material participating in all games; he saw novices playing stellar roles on the Rugby field; he saw student interest rising 100% as the students realized that every man who worked had a chance

What he otherwise saw is appended in detail.

RUGBY

The Kiwanis Rugby Shield for Intercollegiate competition proudly hangs within the College walls for the first time.

Confounded by the wizardry of the supermen in moleskins—the Regina College Rugby Team—all opponents went thundering down to defeat before the most marvellous Rugby machine the College has ever produced

The team guarded their backs with Armour and re-inforced their line with Wood. All carefully heeded the voice of Bell, which rang like the bugle of a Sumner among the Darke recesses of the Hills.

The line consisted of Layng, Schiefner, Drummond, Gilroy, Hills, Wood, and McKay, while Williamson (Capt.), Armour, McGillivray, and Darke, with Bell at quarter, made up the backfield.

Taylor, Bicknell, Moffet, Lewis, Pearlman, and Sumner were the other regular members of the squad who did stellar work in their roles of relief men.

The Kiwanis Club Shield league comprised Central, Scott, Champion College and Regina College.

College, 17; Central 1

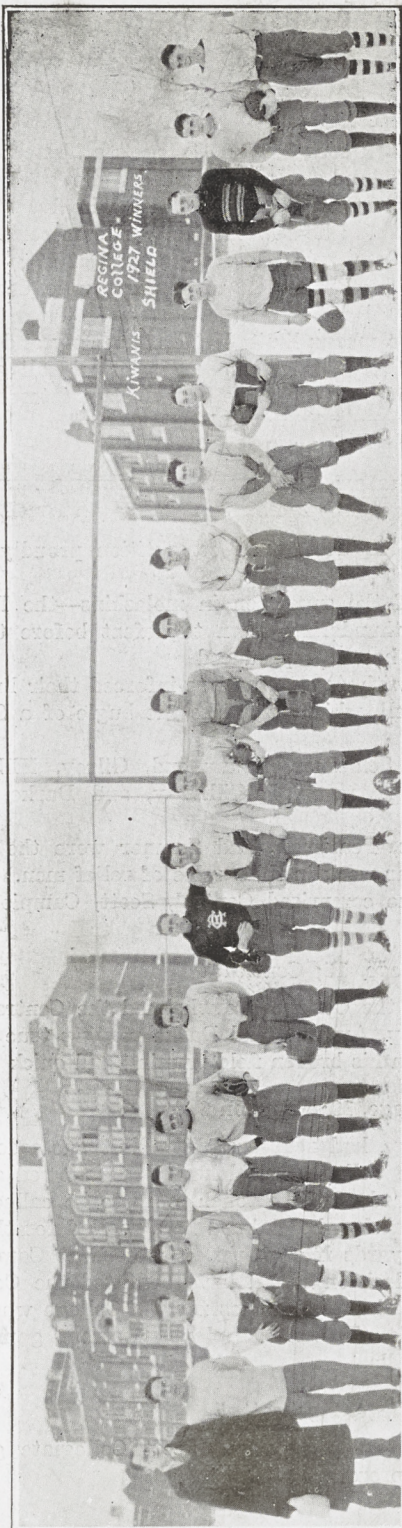
In the first game of the series the College overwhelmed the Central aggregation to the tune of 17-1 with McGillivray, Armour, and Darke playing true to form. McGillivray was particularly brilliant in his broken field running and quick opening plays.

College, 10; Champion 6

In the second game the College had real opposition but succeeded in downing Champion with a score of 10-6. The College should have been allowed another touch-down when McGillivray raced 45 yards for the touch, only to be called back by the referee's ruling regarding his fair catch, who claimed he signalled for the catch. The College should have been given 25 yards if such were the case as Champion men had interfered with his catch. Either decision would have benefitted the College greatly. McGillivray and Williamson each chalked up touches for the College while Ken Moore was outstanding on the Champion side. Trev Darke played a strong game for the College but was hurt attempting to hurdle.

College, 27; Scott, 5

In the next game the College easily swamped Scott Collegiate gridders, 27-5. Again McGillivray and Darke were prominent.



Edward Schiefner, Lyle Pearlman, Carman Layng, Wm. Lewis, Bert McGillivray, Bruce McIrvine (Coach), Fred Darke, Paddy Higgs, Bruce Taylor, Hugh Armour, J. D. Williamson (Capt.), Orval Bicknel, Hubert Sumner, Bud McKay, Gilroy, Harry Woods, Laurence Drummond, Basil Hills, Max Bell.

College, 34; Scott, 0

"College to right of them,
College to left of them,
College in front of them,
Sauntered and taunted.
Feared not their ends at all,
Ran like, well, with the ball,
Through what was left of them."

So might that militant author have written had he seen the game between the College and Scott Collegiate on the latter's grounds.

College, 21; Central, 0

The College secured their hold on the Kiwanis Shield by snowing Central under to the tune of 21-0 in the final game of the series. Max Bell handled his team like a veteran and made a 70 yard run, the feature of the game. The elusive McGillivray left his shadow and slipped through for two touchdowns.



HOCKEY

A bell rang in the cool interior of the Arena Rink, a black disc slid back across the ice—a neatly attired figure in a white and blue striped jersey with the words "Regina College" emblazoned in brown script across his chest leaped to gain possession of it, ran down the ice, swerved, then passed; another figure flashed across to meet the pass, faked to draw the goal-keeper out of position and then flipped the rubber into the corner of the net.

The Regina College started out to annex their second championship of the year with about thirty candidates for the Junior and Senior teams. Just as soon as ice was available, McIrvine started to work on these candidates and with careful coaching worked up a smooth-working and fast-skating team.

The team lined up as follows:
Harold Burton—Goal.

Bert McGillivray—Defense.
 Carman Layng—Defense.
 Laurie Drummond—Forward.
 Cliff Erratt—Forward.
 Harold Crossley—Forward.
 Ralph Blythe—Forward.
 Max Bell—Forward.
 Ronald Scratch—Forward.
 Basil Hills—Forward.

The best games of the season were with Moose Jaw College, Luther College and the Saskatchewan Varsity Juniors.

College, 5; Champion, 0

In the first tangle of the season, the College trimmed Champion 5-0. The game was very close throughout but Champion was unable to get the rubber past Burton's pads. Blythe, Erratt, and McGillivray were effective both on defence and offence.

College, 2; Champion 2

In the second game with Champion, the contest was more even and ended in a tie score of 2-2. The College was weakened by Layng's absence while McGillivray played



a part of the game for Champion. The game was an interesting work-out as a preliminary to the arrival of the Saskatchewan team two days later.

College 8; Luther, 0

College, 9; Luther, 0

The games with Luther College were won by scores of 8-0 and 9-0 respectively which showed that the College was improving slightly. Blythe, Erratt, and McGillivray were again in the limelight while Burton in goal kept the Luther team scoreless.

Regina College, 5; Moose Jaw College, 2

On January 14th, the Moose Jaw College Hockey team came to Regina for their

annual visit. In the first period Moose Jaw had an edge on the play and at the end of the first session the score was 2-0 in favor of Moose Jaw.

They began to tire in the second stanza while the locals were hitting a faster pace. Blythe and McGillivray each scored single-handed and combined for a third counter. At the end of 40 minutes of play the score was 3-2 for Regina College.

Regina started the last frame at a fast pace. Cliff Erratt was going hard in this period and found the net for two counters.

The game was a good exhibition of hockey and the team play of the Regina players was the outstanding feature and through this play the College came out the victors with a score of 5-2.

Regina College, 1; Moose Jaw College, 1

On the 4th of February, the College team hopped the rattler for Moose Jaw. The Moose Jaw College team were strengthened by the addition of two new players and played a much faster game than they did at Regina. The Regina College boys, on the



Junior Basketball Team

other hand, had had a reception given for them the night before and after leaving at 7.20 a.m., were forced to play immediately upon arrival in Moose Jaw.

The result was a hard fought game but not displaying any flashy play for either team.

Both goalkeepers played a sterling game and allowed but one puck apiece to slip by them. This was very noticeable as the play was exceptionally fast in and around the goal-mouths. The Regina boys had much the better combination in the scoring area but were unlucky in their scoring as the puck missed its destination by inches time and time again.

Blythe made the only counter for Regina.

Layng had the misfortune to break his jaw when he collided with Blythe but continued to play until the conclusion of the game when the injury was investigated and resulted in his being out of the game for the rest of the season.

University of Saskatchewan, 3; Regina College, 3

The University of Saskatchewan Junior hockey team had to travel all the way to Regina for a game with the College team and then they had to travel all the way to keep from returning with the short end of the score. As it was they played a 3-3 tie with our boys.

Saskatoon reported the game as follows:

"The way the locals tramped on it was certainly a revelation and this Regina College outfit sure presented a layout of fast skaters. The Green and White worked at their best and only some splendid work by Nixon in goal in the last period coupled with a stout defense by Logan and Bradford, kept the Reginians from chalking up a win. The College outfit swarmed around the net time after time but failed to tally."

Summary of the Game by Periods:

The ice at the Arena was none too good and the puck was hard to control at various times. Play was very even with Regina the more aggressive. The College was playing a strong defensive game with three men back all the time. Blythe for Regina was rushing fast but his shooting was wild. Muldoon tallied first on a pass from Demster thus giving Saskatoon the first counter after about five minutes of play. Max Bell tied it up for the College four minutes later when he took a pass from McGillivray in front of the Varsity net where he was left uncovered and sank the rubber to tie the score. After end to end play Blythe shot and came in fast to get his own rebound and sink it to send the College into the lead. Muldoon tallied just after the timekeepers had called time and no goal was allowed. There was a little controversy over this goal but it was declared no goal by the referee. The fault lay in the fact that the timekeepers had not been supplied with a bell or whistle. Score 2-1 for Regina.

Regina was not long in adding to this lead when they returned to the ice for the second period. Crossley scored on a pass from Blythe. A Varsity combined rush failed when McGillivray and Blythe broke up the play. Dahlstrom of Saskatchewan hit the post and the puck fell just in front of the line for no score. Time out was called while attention was given to Blythe after a dirty check by the Saskatchewan rear-guard who was plentifully razzed for his tactics. Drummond was rushing prettily but his shots were wide or Nixon pulled off some miraculous saves and was not letting anything by. Dahlstrom and Muldoon got away on a rush, fooled the defense, and Swede made no mistake to chalk up the University's second tally. Score 3-2 for Regina.

Varsity commenced the final period by taking possession of the puck for a while. The College now began to press hard and Nixon saved from McGillivray when Bert was right through. Nixon's tactics in tripping, pushing, or using his goal stick as an implement of warfare on any of the Regina boys who happened within his reach was not pleasing to watch and he should have been put in the penalty box for his actions. Crossley rushed and failed. Blythe went down for the count again and his interferer went off the ice. McGillivray again got through into his pet corner but his shot was blocked by Lydiard. There was a pile up in front of the Regina goal but no damage resulted due to Burton's splendid head word. Burton dove head first for the puck with a Saskatchewan player on either side slugging away with their sticks and thereby forced them to face-off at the side. Drummond missed again when he was right through. It looked like a win but Muldoon of Varsity went down and from close in whipped one through the left side that fairly sizzled. The last three minutes was fast but no further scoring took place.

Muldoon, Dahlstrom and Dempster combined to make a powerful line for the University while our own boys were backed up by Blythe who showed a world of speed. Assisting him in continual attacks on the Varsity's citadel were McGillivray, Drummond and Bell. Cliff Erratt was going good but was not feeling well. Acting in relief in sterling manner the College had Hills and Scratch. These men proved equally as effective in holding the Varsity at bay.

Line-Ups

University of Saskatchewan—Nixon, goal; Logan, defence; Bradford, defence; Muldoon, defence; Dempster, forward; Dahlstrom, forward; Lydiard, forward; Cook, forward; Ast, forward.

Regina College—Harold Burton, goal; Bert McGillivray, defence; Ralph Blythe, defence; Laurie Drummond, defence; Cliff Erratt, forward; Harold Crossley, forward; Max Bell, forward; Basil Hills, forward; Ronald Scratch, forward.

Referee—Lang, Regina.

Goal Summary

1. Muldoon from Dempster (Varsity); 2. Bell from McGillivray, (Regina); 3. Blythe, unassisted (Regina); 4. Crossley from Blythe (Regina); 5. Dahlstrom from Muldoon (Varsity); 6. Muldoon, unassisted (Varsity).



Senior Basketball Team

BASKETBALL

Following in the wake of the consistent winning of their Rugby and Hockey co-athletes the Basketballers set out to do likewise. With but a few weeks of practice the season opened with an exhibition game against Central Collegiate which was easily won by the College and then the boys settled down to real work in the Intercollegiate Competition and their efforts brought a third Championship to the College.

Total games won by Regina College, 9; by opponents, 0.

Collegiate, 34; Central, 17 (at College)

In an exhibition game against the Collegiate, the boys outclassed their opponents in every department. Darke and Layng turned in a good game, confining the Collegiates to long shots. "Chuck" Edwards started the season by showing the fans his great variety of shots, scoring 16 points.

Athey was the outstanding member of the Central team.

The game ended with College on the heavy end of a score of 34-17.

College, 19; Normal, 18 (at Normal)

The College played their first game in the Intercollegiate league on the Normal floor. In the first half the College played a good defensive game but were unable to find the basket. Normal broke through several times with some snappy combination plays and at half time were enjoying a score of 14-5.

Things looked bad for the College until the last minute of play when the College took the lead by one point and held it till the final whistle blew. It was only during the last 10 minutes of play that our team began to find the range on the Normal basket which is slightly higher than standard in height. A real good crowd of student supporters cheered the boys on to their well deserved victory.

College, 36; Central, 14 (at Central)

In the second league game the College beat Central to the tune of 36-14. Taylor and McGillivray scored 12 points apiece.

Although the Collegiate worked hard from start to finish they were unable to bring up their score of the game. The College had the better of the play throughout the game.

College, 20; Scott, 14 (at Scott)

At Scott Collegiate the College team again came away victorious. Smith was the best player on the Scott aggregation, scoring all 14 points. Although unaccustomed to such a small floor and with the hazards of the low ceiling the college nevertheless succeeded in piling up a six point lead and won 20-14.

College, 23; Normal, 15 (at College)

In the first game of the second half of the league the College team was weakened by the absence of Layng on defence but succeeded in taking the Normal home for a victory of 23-15. This game was only a fair exhibition of basketball, neither team displaying the brand of basketball they were capable of.

College, 23; Central 16 (at College)

In the last game the College outscored Central 23-16. McGillivray was high scorer for the College while Campbell was hitting the basket frequently for Central.

EXHIBITION GAMES

College, 19; Moose Jaw College, 8 (at Regina)

The Moose Jaw basketball team came to Regina for their annual visit to the College on January 14th. Davidson took Edward's place on the forward line and Regina College won by the score of 19-8. Taylor was high scorer with 10 points to his credit. Layng and Lewis on defense held the Moose Jaw team scoreless during the second half.

College, 32; Weyburn, 18

On February 3rd, the team from Weyburn Central Collegiate arrived in Regina to play an exhibition game with the College. They were unaccustomed to the large floor and the team plays that were uncovered by the College bewildered them so that they came out on the low end of a 32-18 score.

College, 32; Moose Jaw College, 29

The day after the Weyburn game the boys got up early and boarded the train for Moose Jaw. There they played the Moose Jaw College boys a return match in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The floor was rather small to what they had been used to and their short shots under the basket was unvariably blocked. Moose Jaw on the other hand were dropping in long shots from all angles of the floor. At the end of forty minutes of play the score was tied at 27 all. Ten minutes of overtime were played and the Regina College team came off the floor victorious with a score of 32-29. The play was even from start to finish but Regina had strength enough left for the final punch. Taylor was again outstanding on the score sheet although all players deserved equal credit.

GIRLS' ATHLETES

Sport Editor: Frances Milligan

Girls' Basket Ball

This year the number of our enthusiastic basket ball stars has certainly not decreased. Both for quality and looks we must admit our teams are up-to-date. Jeanie Martin (Captain), Betty Benwell; Guards: Anne Lloyd, Jean Hendershot.

The Senior Team—Forwards: Mabel Emerson, Elaine Henry; Centres: Jean Wilson, Eleanor Roger, Vera Carr; Coach, Bruce McIrvine.

Senior Games

Exhibition Games

Nov. 11. College vs. Normal:

The Normal challenged the College to this contest of skill and proved themselves superior to the as yet unorganized College team.

Nov. 18. College vs. Central:

This proved a very interesting game played on the home floor. The College showed their stuff, and left the score 21-14 in their favor.

Jan. 26. College vs. Normal:

A fine snappy game! At the end of the first period, the College had the advantage 8-10. At half time, we still held the honors 13-15. College played a stiff game but the Normal came on hard and finished up with 27-17 in their favor.

League Games

Feb. 20. College vs. Central:

Quite a fast game played over in the Collegiate gym. The College lacked wind but did their best. Their tactics didn't work, leaving the score 16-6 for Central.

Feb. 23. College vs. Normal:

We, were considerably handicapped when Mabel Emerson, a strong forward, sprained her ankle. But Jeanie, our ever-ready little centre, changed up to the forward line while Vera Carr took her position in centre. In spite of the heroic attempts of the College team the Normal came out on top.

Feb. 27. College vs. Normal:

The return game found the College ready and determined to make up. Both teams entered the battle with spirit. The College showed some fast playing and came out triumphant 12-6.

Exhibition. March 3. College vs. Moose Jaw Central:

The Moose Jaw girls came down to play our wild westerners and got licked 17-5. After the game they were entertained at a tea in the Girls' Reception Room. Our girls are going to play the return game and we hope they will keep up the good work.

League. March 5. College vs. Central:

This game on the home floor caused quite a disturbance but ended up 11-4 for the Collegiate.

March 12. College vs. Scott:

When Elaine honked her horn the Seniors all rushed out eager for the ride to Scott Collegiate. They came back beaten but unconquered in spirit. Score 27-8.

There is still one league game to play.

The Junior Team

Forwards: Maudie Lindsay (Captain), Flo Johnston; Centres: Alice Taylor, Ella Calvert; Guards: Louise Bennett, Lillian Docking; Sub.: Ethel Patrick.

Exhibition Games

Nov. 11. College vs. Normal:

This game of the hazy past brought defeat to College forces which had not been rallied together previously.

Nov. 18. College vs. Central.

A very close run which showed a decided pick-up in the College line. Central came out first to the tune of 15-12.

Jan. 26. College vs. Normal:

The Juniors played well. At first they were behind but a steady combination and faster work brought them up, leaving a score of 23-17 for the Normal when the final whistle blew.

League Games

Feb. 20. College vs. Central:

Quite a close game. College put up its good old resistance but was forced to submit to a 17-14 arrangement.

Feb. 23. College vs. Normal:

The Normal gym. rocked with cheers while the two junior teams waged a fever-pitch contest. The forwards of both teams displayed real skill and all the players were right there. The game ended 23-23.

Feb. 27. College vs. Normal:

This was a hard-played game. The College merited the 18-11 score read out in their favor.

March 2. (Exhibition) College vs. St. Chads.

During the first part of the game St. Chad's showed a slight advantage but College picked up steadily and left the flood with the numbers 35-23 decorating the books.

March 5. College vs. Central:

The first of this game was rather slow but towards the end both teams warmed up to a locking point. In the last few minutes the Collegiate scored 5 points and College 4, bringing it up to a grand final of 23-20 in favor of the old home team.

March 12. College vs. Scott:

Our Juniors carried off the laurels in this game, 17-15.

Three cheers and one more game to go!!!

Senior League

March 19. College vs. Scott:

One of the best games of the season. Both teams worked hard and fast. At the end of the first period Scott had the count 7-8 by one point. When "time off" was called about two minutes before the end, the score was 9-10 in favor of Scott. One minute before the whistle, the College made a basket, bringing the score up to 11-10. In the last half minute Scott made two baskets, winning the game by 14-11.

Junior League

March 19. College vs. Scott:

The Junior game was a fiercely contested scrap from beginning to end. Our team came out ahead 18-11.

The Juniors won their League but there is no cup awarded. They are to play the Scott Seniors now for the Inter-Collegiate Championship. Here's luck to them!

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		<h1>FORM V STUDENTS</h1>					
ANNE LLOYD	CASPAR LAYNO					MARGARET MAHON	JEANIE MARTIN
							
BLAND MABBEY	LLOYD MEARNER	FRANCES MELLIGAN	BERT MCGILLIVRAY	GOLDWIN MCKAY	MAUDIE MEIER		
							
ETHEL PATRICK	ARTHUR ROBINSON	HATTIE SELBY	ROBERT SOLTON	CLARA TULLY	ETHEL WATSON	DOROTHY WAYLAND	
							
MARION REID	ELEANOR RODER	WILFRED STEVENSON	PRISCILLA STICE	JEAN WILSON	KARL WILSON	LOONE WOOLATT	



GO

Fifth Form

Reporters: Eleanor Roger, Bland Massey

If we may estimate the success for a year by the amount of pleasure dispensed and absorbed, the class of thirty has spent a riotously successful year in Regina College. This was due to live interest all showed in the class and the able executive elected in the first of the fall. Their talent and ability were reflected in the varied activities of the class. The officers were:

Honorary President—Dr. E. W. Stapleford.

Honorary Presidents—Miss J. M. Maxwell, Mr. J. E. W. Sterling.

President—Bert McGillivray.

Vice-President—Adeline Gibson.

Secretary—Hattie Selby.

The class showed its talent in the varied activities of student life. College athletics were vigorously supported by members of the class. In rugby, basketball and hockey some of our leading players are McGillivray, McKay, Davidson, Layng and Burton. Among the girls, Misses Lloyd, Martin, Patrick, Roger, Wilson starred.

In the publication of the "Register," our form was honored by the appointment of Ethel Patrick, Hugh Davidson, Lloyd Measner and Harold Colter to responsible positions.

The various teachers have been very patient in guiding us along the shoals of wit and in aiding us to cross the deep waters of examinations. Any honors which may fall upon us will be due to a great extent to their unwearied and cheerful coaching.

If anything is to be regretted it is perhaps that we did not become acquainted with each other sooner and that the ties binding us to the University have not been more closely related.

The C. A. S. of 30 will always look back with pleasant memories on their brief sojourn in Regina College.

Can You Imagine

Captain Kidd—without the last word.

"Biff" Stevenson—at a petting party.

Jack Black—without freckles.

Ethel Patrick—worrying.

Harold Colter—flirting.

Adeline Gibson—without her hair marcelled.

Bland Massey—failing.

Bud McKay—walking softly.

Sylvia Glasrud—without makeup.

Hugh Davidson—going to chapel.

Lorne Woollatt—without his homework done.

Dimples vs. Diplomas—The fact that beautiful girls are more numerous in Regina College than intellectual ones is just the law of supply and demand working out again.

Hugh Davidson (going to French class)—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

THE SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF FORM FIVE

The study hall of life depends greatly upon suitable recreation, and the recreations that Arts and Science of "30" afforded, with its fine parties, splendid plays, and pleasurable light fantasies, greatly contributed to polish and ease the somewhat, flowery paths of knowledge.

During the earlier part of our sojourn together, a rather reserved atmosphere seemed to hover above the heads of class, as is only natural when strange students are brought in contact with each other. But it was not long before all members of the class had overcome this rather chilly feeling, and enjoyed the rather unique pleasures of College life.

To forever cast away that reserved feeling, Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford entertained our class at their home on Friday evening in a very fine manner, giving each student an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the host and hostess, and each with the other. We all spent a delightful and most enjoyable evening together, playing games, and pondering over contests. Crowned by a dainty lunch, the evening passed and ended merrily with expressions of joy and appreciation to Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford for an exceptionally glorious occasion.

It was not until after the thought of Christmas examinations had passed that our first dance made its welcome appearance, proving a splendid success.

Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Roger and Eleanor generously offered their home to the class one Friday night in January. A very pleasant time presented itself, when all hearts beat in tune, and most feet sagely kept time to the suppliant strains of the Victrola. Gradually the happy heralds of midnight began to give evidence of their coming, a delicious lunch was served and soon gallant lads and winsome maids were seen to disperse in a melodious mist that was filled with molecules of joy and happiness. Prof. and Mrs. Wagg, Mr. Sterling, Mr. Guest were the honored guests of the evening.

So successful had the former party been that all members were eager for just such another. This time a very enjoyable time was passed when Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Roger and Eleanor again gave their house one evening in the latter part of February to the class. A Leap Year party it was, with those winsome maids taking the leadership, proving very capable leaders. A splendid evening of dancing and contests was passed. Great pleasure was taken by all when the gallant masculine gender was gayly portrayed in a feministic manner. All too soon the mantle clock tolled the time of departure of a glorious evening. All blithely reporting a splendid time, when twenty minutes of further dancing was announced. Directly, an outburst of joy and votes of appreciation whizzed through the air, due to the authentic nature of Mr. Sterling's

sixty dollar time piece, given to him by his friend, the Scotchman. The guests of honor for the evening were Miss Maxwell, her sister and brother, and Mr. Sterling.

The next successful social function was the presentation of a high-class, three-act play, under the able directorship of Mr. Wallace Sterling. The play, entitled "The Importance of Being Earnest," met with great success among the audiences during the two consecutive nights that it was presented, Friday and Saturday, February the tenth and eleventh.

The play was one of Oscar Wild's, the main plot centering around the peculiar and complicated misunderstandings in which the various lovers unawares became implicated.

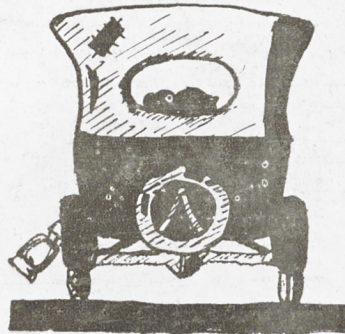
Laurie Drummond, assuming the part of a well-to-do bachelor, impressed the audience deeply, with his great ease and clarity of expression. Goldwyn McKay, taking the part of a wealthy young man of London, won untold praise from the audience by his carefree joviality and realistic portrayal of character. Hugh Davidson gave us all a very pleasant surprise by revealing an unsuspected side of his nature in his worthy interpretation of his Reverence, Canon Chasuble. The two distinguished butlers, Harold Colter and Arthur Robinson, played their parts splendidly and added greatly to the smoothness and keen interest of the comedy. The natural voice and fine carriage of Jean Prosser added greatly to render more effective her own characterization of the busy Duchess, Lady Bracknell. The Misses Wilson and Martin, two handsome young ladies, not only did they contribute generous justice to the parts of Miss Fairfax and Miss Cecily Carden, but they played up to their opposites, Goldwyn and Laurie, so as to realize the best comedy possible. Anne Lloyd, the very proper and prim Miss Prism, filled this part to perfection. (As a casual observer, one would never suspect that such exceptional dramatic ability lay dormant beneath this unsophisticated maiden of Regina College).

Thus the presentation of a most delightful comedy ended with the assurance of a splendid success by all who were privileged to see it. Mr. Sterling must be highly commended upon his most successful achievement.

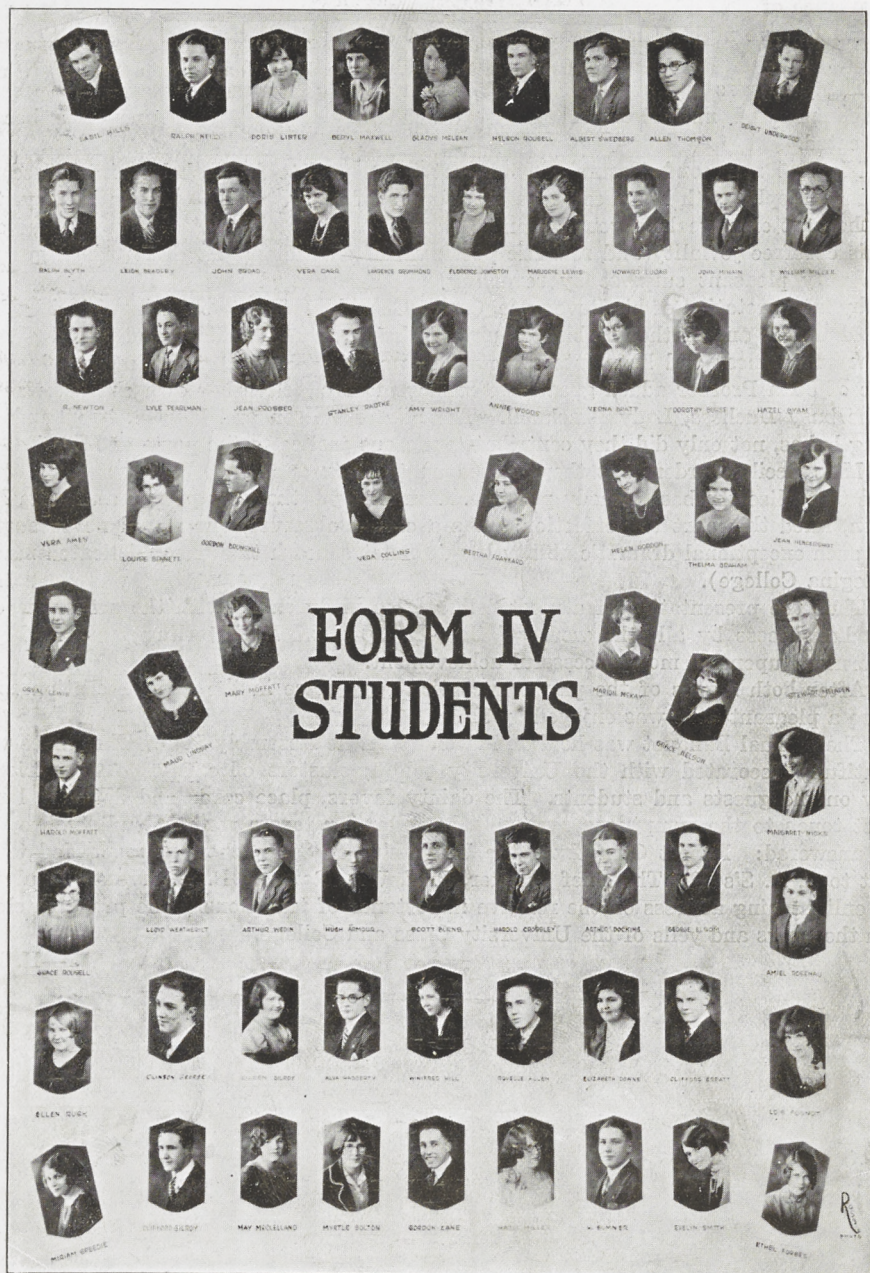
After both nights of the play a reception took place in the girls' reception room, where a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

The Annual Banquet was held on March 16 in the Assembly Hall. The tables were beautifully decorated with the University colors; clusters of candles cast a friendly glow on the guests and students. The dainty favors, place cards and daffodils lent a sweet touch to the sumptuous repast. The following toasts were splendidly proposed and answered: Robert Glen, from the University of Saskatchewan, responded to the toast to C. A. S's 30. The chief speaker, Prof. Wm. Ramsey, B.A., gave a stimulating and enlightening address on the relative importance of traditions. The program closed with the songs and yells of the University Class and College.

—H. B.



STOP



Form IV A

Reporter: G. B. Brunskill

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Concentrate your attention in our direction. We are Form Four A. of Regina College, the best, no doubt, that have ever toured the halls of learning in this institution or perhaps that ever will.

Of course we must endeavor to prove the above statement as to our superiority. We are all expertly efficient in mathematics and therefore must apply an algebraic or geometric proof to the problem now facing us. As a result of the Christmas examinations we were chosen from the hordes in Form Four as a group representing from eighty to one hundred per cent efficiency. An example of our superior genius is Miss Louise Bennett, who has never been known to have been unable to cipher the most absurd and tantalizing problem in geometry. Therefore, we have a perfectly good reason and proof to say we are the best in mathematics.—Q. E. D.

We also claim to be supreme in the realms of Literature, History and many other subjects not worth mentioning. One prominent person in the class made the honourable mark of fifteen per cent in literature (1) at Christmas. This proves that we are superior in Shakespearian problems. If anyone doubts our assertion, just stand by until the final examinations in June and watch our smoke.

Let us now turn from the mental superiority to the physical prowess of Form Four A. We are represented in the basket ball team by the very notorious Harold Moffat. However, we must not forget to mention the fairer sex when discussing athletics. In the girls' junior basket ball team we have Maud Lindsay and Louise Bennett, the stars of the gym. In the senior team we have the very worthy representative, Jean Hendershot.

Now, kind and noble readers, may we ask of you this little favour? Whenever you use the name of Form Four A, kindly observe that it must be spoken in a tone denoting reverence and awe at our wonderful ability in learned matters.

NOTICE:—If you do not like our report, you know what you can do with it. "Do not read it."

F is for our Faculties which are great,
O is for Obedience, a desirable trait.
R is for Regina College, so full of fun,
M is for Music which makes us all run.

F is for our Facilities,
O is for our Object in life.
U is for us United, yet always at strife.
R is for our Reputation which is understood.
A is for our Ambitions which are good.

Mr. Glover—"Moffat, what do you mean by the word 'posthumous'?"

Harold Moffat—"After life."

Mr. Glover (dissatisfied)—"Ye-es—Brunskill, what do you think?"

Gordon Brunskill—"I think after death."

Miss Maxwell—"Rovelle, will you translate the following sentence into idiomatic English: "Oh pas de leur Rhone que nous'."

Rovelle Allen (busy)—"Oh, paddle your own canoe."

Mr. Sterling (Criticizing) exam papers)—“Arthur, why do you persistently use the term, ‘etc.’ in answering your questions?”

Arthur Wedin—“Oh! nonsense!—?”

Amiel Rosaneau (Interrupting)—“Please, sir, he uses it to make you believe he knows more than he really does.”

Miss Murphy (to Orval Lewis at back of the room)—“The front seat would be better for you, little boys should be seen and not heard.”

Mr. McEwen (in Algebra class)—“Mr. Weatherilt, if one man can do a piece of work in three days, how long would it take two to do it?”

Lloyd Weatherilt (absent-minded)—“Six days, sir.”

During Bill Miller’s stay in the hospital, the nurse asked him to write a verse in her autograph. Bill could not think of anything, but by reflection this is what he wrote:

The food you fed me was perfect,
The same was true of the pills;
But, oh, my gosh, when it came to salts,
No, thanks, I’ll have porcupine quills.

We Wonder—?

1. Why Stewart McLaren is sleepy?
 2. Why Scott Burns says “Speedie’s my motto?”
 3. What Gordon Brunskill’s failing is?
 4. Why Alva Haggerty says “I’ll get my Mahon?”
 5. Why Rovelle Allen gazes in the direction of Collins?
 6. Why Maud and Helen sit in study hall facing the boys?
 7. If Dorothy Busse ever misses Oral Comp?
 8. Why Wedin’s favourite poem begins with “Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable?”
 9. If Vera Ames does her home work?
 10. At Orval Lewis being extraordinary obstreperous.
-

Favorite Sayings of Some Teachers

Mr. Guest—“Chemistry is like a medicine. It is to be taken before and after classes.”

Mr. McEwen—“As soon as the class comes to order.”

Miss Maxwell—“Bless me, why can you not get this French?”

Miss Smith—“Be more animated.”

Miss Murphy—“Will the following go to the board, please?”

My teacher roars and thunders
In fury and in glee,
Oh, save me from his clutches
When he lights upon poor me.

Ay, save me from his raging
A thousand miles away,
Absent from his hot unrest
I’d rest in peace today.

FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS OF TEACHERS

Mr. Sterling—Kicking out giggles.

Miss Robson—Seeing that occupants of Regina College get their 3,000 cubic feet of air.

Mr. Glover—Telling funny stories (?)

Mr. Tomlinson—Telling war stories.

Miss Smith—Seeing that Form IV breathes in the proper manner.

Miss Massey—Giving little review tests to keep us up in our work.

Form IV B

Reporter: Arthur Docking

This is not intended to be a history of Form IV B's activities during the past year but is just to show you that we are not behind the others and to introduce you to a few of our worthy "fourth formers."

First, we have Leslie Schwindt, the aspiring cornet player, whose ambition is to play in the College orchestra. Scott Burns sleeps with a Physics book under his pillow. Then we have Ethel Forbes, who, in one way, resembles a reducing agent but instead of having an affinity for Oxygen she has a strong affinity for a certain young man of Form IV B. Then we have the President of the Student Executive in the person of Basil Hills. He prides himself on being able to sit down and "rattle off" all the formulae in the Geometry book without stopping. Next we meet Ralph Kelly. He can always be found during his spare time writing Latin sentences. In passing we must not forget Bill Miller, whose ambition is to work in a Biology Laboratory dissecting frogs. He is so interested in this that he came out of the Lab. with a frog's leg in his pocket. Beryl Maxwell and Gladys McLean are the most daring girls in our form. They try to see how many trig classes they can come to without their homework done.

Harold Crossley still maintains that he can make more noise on the trombone than Cliff Erratt can. Oh, yes, there's Doris Lister, who thinks history classes were made to sleep in. But I think Mr. Sterling thinks quite differently about that. Then we have Albert Swedberg, so popular among the girls that he is afraid to take one to a show lest the others get jealous of her. And while speaking along this line, we might mention Cliff Gilroy, our own Rudolph Valentino.

These are the most outstanding characters in our form, but by this I don't mean the rest are infamous, far from it. I have not even mentioned as yet such notables as Winnie Hill, Lois Fosnot, Nelson Russell, Orv. Bicknell, as well as others.

We may not have the brain that Form IV A have, but at least we can say that we have the edge on Form IV C. But even at that we're not as dumb. Several members of our form have graduated into Form IV A, not to mention those promoted to IV C.

Professor Dorse had given a lengthy account on women's rights. After his peroration he asked: "When they take the girls away from co-educational institutes like Regina College, what will happen?"

Allen Thompson promptly spoke up: "I will."

Clinton—"I can read your mind like a book."

Ethel—"If you could, you wouldn't be sitting away over there."

Ralph K.—"Why were you so careful to see that there were no worms in those apples we had this morning?"

Harold C.—"I'm a strict vegetarian."

Deight—"Is Cliff Erratt a musician?"

Basil—"No, he plays in the College orchestra."

Mr. Guest—"Say, Bill, what's the most important part of a flower?"

Bill—"Why, 'pollen' (Paulin) of course!"

Form IV C

Jean Prosser, Reporter

The history of Form 4 C is just the ordinary history of any graduating class. We have had our different socials and entertainments. Why we even donated the famous Lady Bracknell and Mr. Ernest Worthing, for the successful Second Year Arts play, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

About three-quarters of our brilliant class are men. Perhaps that accounts for our brilliancy. The other half are girls. We will admit that we may not be as brainy, refined, unobtrusive, well cultured, etc., as we should be. We may not be as well behaved and perhaps do not live up to the saying that "children should be seen and not heard," as we should to uphold our "College Morals," but we sure have some snappy donations to make when it comes to "College Life."

Ladies first—so we have Miss Marjory Lewis, our would-be sheba. Amy Wright says she's going through for a Parisian model, if nothing more suitable turns up (let us pray). Flo Johnson thinks a lot of Baseball (and Darke Eyes).

Ralph Blythe certainly can swing a wicked hockey stick. While Mr. Laurie Drummond (our would-be sheik), Carman Layng and Harold Burton accompanied him on the ice. Chuck Edwards and Carman Layng are our nifty little basket-ballers. Leigh Bradley, a second Mr. Shakespeare with that dreamy romantic appearance, almost inspires us. We had hopes of Johnny Broad becoming "The Rev. Johnny Broad," if he were ever on time, but he would likely arrive at church when the collection was being taken and meet Mr. Pearlman coming out.

We realize with a feeling of intense regret that our high school days are drawing to a close. We shall soon have decided our life work, enter into the great world of turmoil, strife and competition, and be caught up in the wheels of modern life, which allows so little time, for the things that really matter. Or perhaps we shall pursue our studies on into the more intricate paths of success and attempt our University work. But whatever each one may do, we hope he or she will forget our bumps of this year and remember only our successes.

E. C.

SPRING SONG

The buds are busting on the trees,
And I shall let them bust;
The neighbor's dog is full of fleas,
The flivver's full o' rust.
The skies are full o' moons and stars,
The kids are shooting craps;
The highway's full o' motor cars,
The cars are full o' saps.
It rains on lake and mountain camp—
Oh, Spring, you silly elf!
The daisies dell is awful damp
And I'm all wet myself.

ANON.

Sterling to Druggist—"This vanishing cream is a fake."

Druggist—"Why?"

Sterling—"I've used it on my nose for two weeks and it hasn't got any smaller yet."

Guest—"Now students, can any one tell me what a 'mummie' is?"

Leigh—"Please, sir, father's wife."

Form III A.

Ronald Scratch, Reporter

Project yourself, fair reader 24 years, into the future. Take flight on the wings of your imagination and sail with us for many a day for the land of possibilities. There you may find rest for your body and mirth for your soul, and if you have the care to look into the Register of Tell-Tale Time you will find, inscribed there records of the regular Leap Year reunion of the Class of II A, dated February 29, 1952.

The records have it that several men and ladies were gathered there on that eventful night. Even had you known them, well you would not recognize them as some of the students way back in the days of 28, who inspired Miss Smith to eloquence and drove Mr. Guest to the affectionate protection of one of his well known aunts.

Max Bell was there—with his hair still untamed. When he entered the paper business in 1937, he gave up rugby and since then has acquired a correct appearance, which forced him to give up his only other form of athletics—dancing—because he could find no ?———? partner. Even so, he was not as ungainly as his old friend Frank Selby. Frank went into the army and became a great general. He always was a great hero-worshipper, even at R. C. Now, so staunch is his will and so stout his courage his comrades call him "Little Corporation."

Betty Benwell (at least she was B. B.) was there—which is as much as to say Mary and Fraleigh was there, too. Mary is a professional basket-ball trainer now—she selected this vocation when Betty developed a complex for Alpine climbing. Betty's athletic powers were always well known but her greatest athletic feat was Alpine climbing in the summer of 1938 when she defied all records and literally conquered the world's greatest Cliff.

Kenneth Strachan hasn't changed much. He was always famed for his deliberate honesty and never failed to confess that he had skipped Oral Comp. At this gathering his conscience drove him to speak and he admitted it was not so much to renew old acquaintances that he attended the reunion as it was the chance of getting a good meal for nothing.

That, of course, set Mabel Emerson's tongue wagging. She always was a talker. She immediately supplied a lot of horrid things about Kenneth's wife. What a flop her dignity took when she found that he was unmarried and for twelve years had been eating at restaurants. Of course, Mabel is used to taking flops—anyone who remembers her agility in basket-ball knows that.

Another member of the group was no less a person than Kall McKay. Since leaving R. C. she has broken several records—speed skating, barrel jumping, cheer leading and gum chewing. Max Bell claims that he knows a lot of men who would add heart breaking to that list but Kall was always so shy and unassuming that we doubt the aptness of Max's addition.

As they talked of the old days, many were the incidents which fond memory recalled. Not one had forgotten the days that Doris Helgersen caused a panic in the halls by hurrying to get to class on time—or the day that Frances Cooper came to class after her first horse back ride. That was the day she first realized why a troop of cavalry might join in the part of a standing army.

All remember Hubert Sumner, that studious lad, who now, owing to his former desire to study, has become one of the world's great men (?).

As this group chatted over old times and recalled many such incidents, they one

and all agreed that the best and happiest days of all their lives had been spent within the walls of the old R. C.

Hubert (bumping into Ella)—“Oh! pardon me.
Ella—“Oh, you’re welcome.”

Mr. Sterling (in history class)—“If you can’t understand Disraeli’s love letters, bring them to me and I’ll explain them, and if I can’t, Mr. Guest can.”

Can you believe that Annitta knows how long a boy’s arms are by looking at them? I don’t.

Smack! Smack! is often heard in the girls’ residence. But never, it is only Alice and Mabel in a dark corner.

M. M. E.—“Those girls that act so innocent are just the ones that have to be watched.”

M. M. E. (two or three minutes later)—“I’m the most innocent girl in the College.”

Did you ever hear Ruth not raving about a certain boy in the College?”

A certain girl in the College—“I won’t let anyone use my saxaphone, not even my sister. But it’s all right for certain ones in the practice corridors. Isn’t it, Orval?”

Form II

Reporter: Margaret MacKay

One, two, three, four, who are we for?

Form II R. C. rah! rah! rah!

We’re Form II. As a whole we aren’t all clever, but we have some brilliant students among us such as M. McKinnon and R. Bancroft. In sports we aren’t all champions, but we have our athletes such as E. Calvert and B. Lewis. Form II consists of sixteen pupils that are sixteen hearers to the same lectures, sixteen doers of the same home work and sixteen dreamers for the same exams. We’re just a perfectly natural, normal class, trying to get along at College without having to work or to think any more than we absolutely have to.

If, worthy readers, you wish to know any more about us, read on.

Beth Sampson—Nobody knows what a red-headed mamma can do.

Mary Jane—Me and my shadow (2 in 1).

Catherine Stephens—Sing a Ling (2nd bell).

Louisa Brooker—Get away, old man, get away.

Ella Calvert—The Prisoner’s Song.

Arthur Tranter—Yes, we are Collegiate (?)

Lillian Grassick—Baby Face.

Bill Lewis—Want a little lovin’?

Raymond Bancroft—Thinking.

Irving Eye—Sunday, the day that I see May.

Marjorie McKinnon—She’s Just an Old Fashioned Girl.

John Hook—I Gotta get Myself Somebody to Love.

Fern Short—Five feet two, eyes of blue.

Annabelle R.—Oh Annabelle! Oh Annabelle!

Howard Smith—My Gal Don't Love Me Anymore.

Margaret McKay—Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?

I ask you have you ever heard these questions?

1. Has second bell gone yet?
 2. Is Miss Maxwell coming?
 3. Where are my books?
 4. Did you do your homework in—?
 5. Is my name on the detention list?
-

Heard at Table

Mr. Sterling—"Please pass the sugar."

Mr. Guest—"Fine, or cut plug, sir?"

Mr. Sterling—"Ah! Just as you 'chews'."

Heard in Girls' Residence

Fern—"What's the smell, are they fumigating the building?"

Ella—"Nope! that's just our dinner cooking."

Form I

Reporter: Jean Ahrens

As you see, we are the first here and thus, the foremost in the college, even Mr. McIrvine tells us we are very good in mathematics.

We are represented in the athletic society, by Alice Taylor in the junior basket-ball team and Rudolph Higgs in the rugby team. Margaret Hyde is our star musician.

Although we study quite hard, we have some parties. Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford enabled us to have a very enjoyable evening when they entertained us with Form II.

In closing, we wish to remind you not to forget Form I when speaking of Regina College.

Famous Sayings of Our Famous Teachers

Miss Robson (during etiquette talk)—"Never talk with your mouth open."

Miss Balkwell—"Avez-vous des questions a poser?"

Miss Massey—"Leave all books closed."

Miss Smith—"Remember, those who have not their speeches prepared have nothing marked on their report.

Mr. McIrvine (in geometry class)—"Take a piece of paper to hand in."

Mr. Sterling—"Would you like to hear a good story?"

Mr. Tomlinson—"Where did we leave off last day?"

Mr. Glover—"I'd like to see the full moons, please."

Can You Imagine?

Norval (Hannibal)—doing all his homework?

Frances—studying?

Walter—going to detention?

Muriel—in the hospital?

Rudolph—attending one of Miss Massey's classes?

Alice—Not flirting?

Bill—passing in spelling?

Kathleen—last in her class?

Ross—hurrying to class?

Dorothy—with a boyish bob?

Henry—with his hair flat?

Margaret—not studying?

Rachel—listening in French class?

Jean—skipping classes?

Camil—not in the hospital?

A is for Algebra which most of us hate.

B is for Bruce, who for sports takes the cake.

C is for Camil who dearly loved a lass,

D is for Dorothy who never laughs in class.

E is for Education which makes us strive hard

F is for Frances who's everyone's pard.

G is for Grammar in which Muriel excels.

H is for Henry listening for bells.

I is for I who wrote this poem.

J is for Jean, our reporter well known.

K is for Kay, the funniest of the lot.

L is for laziness which in our class is not.

M is for Margaret who adores all books.

N is for Norval, a sheik for his looks.

O is for Oral Comp, which we don't like a bit.

P is for Paddy, a boast and a wit.

Q is for Quizzes which we get in math.

R is for Rel. Ed., which keeps us in the right path.

S is for spelling, the mistakes some make are a joke.

T is for Teachers who find our wants a joke.

U is for you, dear reader, alone.

V is for Vexations for which we'd like to stone.

W is for Walter with brains which abound.

X, Y, Z are missing all around.

Room Inspection

Dormant English.

Massive Economics.

Theatrical Chapel.

Rigid Mathematics.

Illustrated Latin.

Blinding French.

Whistling History.

Foggy Chemistry.

Library Lyrics

Maybe the Saintsbury an Abbott in his Ward but by Gosse! because of the Pyre,
a Peacock should not Wither away into Clay.

If a Fowler Hassall the qualities of a Young Carver, should he Mowatt a Beard?

The Class of Thirty

Now in pale ink I'll try to tell the tale
Of your fair class who daily once did hail,
From all the West to seek of learning here,
And eke to live in brightness of Regina College sphere.
First now we have our presidential Bert,
And Adeline, quick in manner and so pert,
Jean is the maid who doth the stage uphold,
Layng is the alchemist, so playful and so bold,
Budd is the muffin boy and lots of push,
Luella, famed, can tickets sell in fearful rush.
Dot doth the letters seek e'en in ye classe.
Say Somer sure is a contrary lass.
Full often doth the phrases Kidd condemn,
And Murdock adds the stores that he may ken.
Finance and Moneys hold Bob in our bunch
For Robinson, cruel Cleo has a hunch.
Now Hattie, coy, the honors great doth hold
And Margaret of Regina has abilities untold.
A fireman fair in Ruth we once did know
Eleanor, charm and grace, doth truly always show.
Woolatt, intent of brow, can get results,
And Colter naught does but believe in hidden cults.
Massey may e'en be late to heaven high.
Sure Wilson's puns will even Peter try.
One doth the periods doze y-christened Hugh,
And witty boys like Lloyd, for ladies are too few.
Cook, leisure's child, doth dream the livelong day,
At dances, Andy trips it like a goblin or fay.
Vera, brave, doth Taussig wise defend,
While Sylvia, lone, doth bobbing still contend.
Clara, with gay laugh, doth covet beakers fine.
Layng likes all toasts but fain would have the wine.
Orvina is the blonde, of whom the novels tell,
Georgie is justly famed for fun, toasts as well.
Ethel with bright blue eyes doth charm employ,
And Marion does gaily laugh with manners coy.
Dorothy, a quiet maid, diligent seeks for learning,
Margaret, finds pleasure, excessive work spurning.
Jannie, clever is, in the net's quick game,
Anna everywhere has truly won great fame.
Frances is conceded witty, wise by all.
Burton will explode us! then how we will fall!
Black, though fair, is not a paradox,
Halls, so popular, is attracted by those in frocks.
Stevenson is last here, though not in final marks,
And Laurie reminds one of moonlit nights and parks.
Now if my tale has weary been,
Or if veneer of rhyme is yet too thin,
E'en yet the famed class of Year Thirty,
Will shine with many a loved and tender memory.

FORM FIVE

DEPARTMENT OF DORMANT DICTATOR

Dear D'Or:—Speaking of Gold, why don't some bright chemists stop transmuting lead into gold; with acids did they ever try translating English into Latin.—(Signed) Dimple Cheeks.

Don't be foolish! It would be base for an acid to crystallize work. Where would the salt of the earth be if labor were omitted.—D. D.

Dear Dick:—Did James Thompson ever visit the "Second Year Arts Study Hall or Rooms 320 and 322 of the Boys' Residence?"—(Signed) Curious.

Yes. His greatest work is "The Castle of Indolence."

Dear Tater:—Does "asymptotes" mean signs of illness, remedies for poisons, or the uttermost parts of the earth? Webster won't tell.—(Signed) Deawy Desecks.

Certainly. They are things which approach but avoid, near but keep away, glance but miss other things. Just like tomorrow.—D. D.

Dear Man:—What is correct for young girl to use? "J'aime l'hommage" or "Je deteste la frime?"—(Signed) So Blue.

Neither. The correct form is: "J'aime l'homme et je deteste le fromage."—D. D.

Mr. Tomlinson tells us that once he spent a great deal of time studying sunsets. We wonder why and if he was alone.

Heard in the dining-room (at noon):

"Why is this egg like Lloyd?"

"Because it's hard-boiled."

"No, because it's mushy."

Margaret C. has just finished writing the following sentence on the board in Room 201:

"While he slept within his tent, she smote a nail through his temples."

Professor Doxsee—"Who did that?"

Margaret (meekly)—"I did."

Incidental Indiscretions

Mr. Guest—"Sulphurous fumes."

Miss Maxwell—"C'est la dame."

Mr. Tomlinson—"A man up a telephone post."

Mr. McEwen—"Are you with us?"

It takes Mr. McPeek to keep our library in order; some resident students would like to rent him over the week-end to tidy up the rooms.

Now we will lay down the pen; we have studied profitably; we have met pleasantly; may we meet again at Varsity, have the same good times and if lungs aren't gone, we'll shout:

Heady, steady, rough and ready

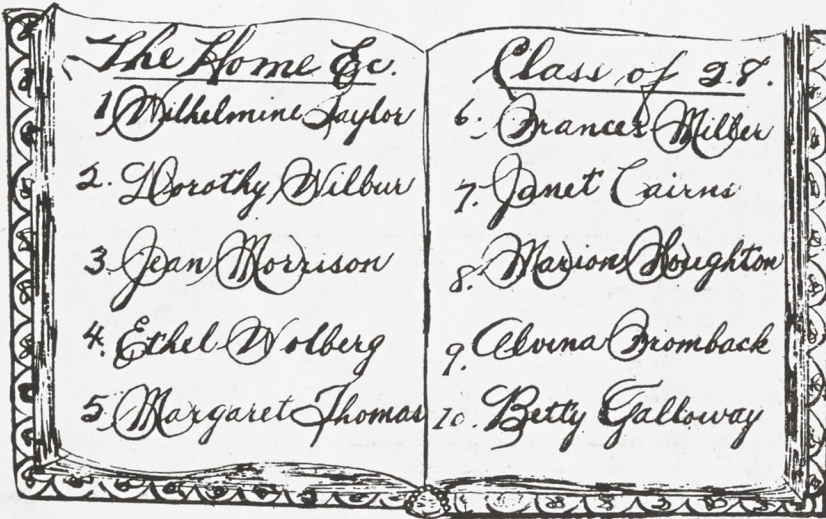
Snappy, cute and flirty,

We're the gang that's got the pep,

Arts and Science Thirty.

SECOND YEAR ARTS

Guess we're the gang that's got the class,
We know all about the past,
Captain Kidd and Captain Cook,
Just as good as in the book.
They say Black Jack is pretty hot
Just take a look at his top-knot!
We all do love our president,
To sports he has his spirit lent.
Priscilla's got the dimples sweet.
She thinks that Burton's pretty neat.
Old Ireland's represented here
By Fran and Pat so full of cheer.
Biff has such pretty sweet blue eyes
He's sure to win the baby prize.
Our class sheik appears as Hughie,
He's got 'em going all kerflooy.
Eleanor is a flapper classy,
She's made a hit on our friend Massey.
Measner pale and very fair



Home Economics Class

Reporter: Dorothy Wilbur

You know now it is, in these small towns
When we girls parade in our Home Ec. gowns;
And when we commence to begin to bake,
Some poor fish suffers with a _____.

Miss Robson was "on the air" from C. K. Monday, March 5. We wonder how it held her. Broadcasting? Certainly, but that's nothing new.

Janet—"Can you suggest anything for my severe headache?"

Bill—"Yeah, stick your head in a bucket of water three times, and pull it out twice."



Miss R.—“How did your cake turn up?”

Jean—“Now why bring that up?”

Miss R.—“Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it.”

Rickety Huss,
Rickety Huss,
What the hec's the matter with us?
Nothing at all,
Nothing at all.
We've got 'em all against the wall.”

We, the “Hec” class of '28,
Are just about to take the gate,
We're learning here with new-born knowledge.
We 'preciate our days in College.

Marg.—“How do you like my pie?”

Dot—“Its all right in its place,” (depositing it in the stove).

“Which do you recommend,—the eggs or the omelet?”

“The fried eggs are a month old, so ye'd better take an omelet. There ain't no eggs in that.”

We've learned to use a wooden spoon.
We've learned to use a thimble.
With lots of practice later on
We hope to be quite nimble.

Did anyone mention sponge cake, girls?



Commercial Class

Alex Ralston, Reporter

The Commercial Class commenced on November the eighth.

No initiation was held for us. Instead, a bun feast was given in the common room to welcome the new students. All the boys took part in the feast. The ice cream and cookies were very nice. Thank you.

One item on the program stands out vividly in my mind, 'twas a song, "Twas Vinter in the Valley Green," sung by one of the boys. (He of the beautiful soprano voice).

Another student who sang was told that he had a very mellow voice. He felt highly flattered, until, looking up the dictionary he found that mellow meant over-ripe.

After that we were received into and became a part of College life.

While I am on the topic of College life, I might mention—Bells—to us who were strangers at Regina College, the bells had a similarity in the Charge of the Light Brigade." (With apologies). Bells to the right, bells to the left, bells ringing all around us.

By the time this paper is published, we, the Commercial Students, will have flown to other parts.

I take this opportunity on behalf of the Commercial Students, to thank Miss Balkwell, Mr. Wagg and also Mr. Glover, for the patience and consideration shown to us.



Commercial Jokes

Mr. Glover—"Frank, how do you spell Strasbourg?"

Frank—"S-T-R-A-S-S-B-O-U-R-G."

Mr. Glover—"How was it spelt before the War?"

Frank—"I don't know. I never tried to spell it before the War."

One of the Commercial students expects to be an office boy this summer. In anticipation, he is going to petition the Postal Authorities to flavour the gum used on postage stamps.

Handsome looking commercial traveller to pretty stenographer—"Who is the main squeeze around here?"

Steno—"Well, the boys all say I am."

Scotty likes the monthly Church Service held in the College Chapel—because they don't take up a collection. (We don't mean it).

Hot Water!!!

Something a student strives to get into. But he doesn't want to stay in it.

The mention of hot water reminds me of the supply in the College bathroom. It makes me think of that old song, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," or that equally famous hymn, "Little Drops of Water, etc."

Can You Imagine

Frank admitting that the Ford Car is better than the Chevrolet
Osborne being the first at the table to finish eating.
Raymond introducing his lady friends to his room mates.
Stirling writing a nine-page letter to his—mother.
Harry going to the rink and not skating with the girls.
Eddie knowing for sure whether an item ought to be a debit or a credit.
Susie having all her spellings correct.
Earl eating less than ten candy bars per day.
Jack not raving about—her.

Commercial Students

Alexander Ralston, Unity, Sask.; Stirling Moore, Rupert, Que.; Harry Cubbage, Lang, Sask.; Orley Parks, McGee, Sask.; Frank Brinkworth, Lipton, Sask.; Osborne Fansher, Govan, Sask.; Earl R. Ellingson, Darmody, Sask.; Eddie R. Fritsch, Webb, Sask.; Raymond Paul, Govan, Sask.; Paul Sudom, Avonlea, Sask.; Jack Tatersall, Marengo, Sask. Susie Adline Smith, D'Arcy, Sask.; Clara Keatly, Keatly, Sask.

OUR WAITERS

Reporter: Wm. Miller

Motto: "Grab and Get Fat."

Hello folks! Here we are, ready for the fray. A fray it is indeed, for not even our very generous dietitian can understand how the human furnaces of the College can consume all the food that passes through the kitchen doors. However, we find great pleasure in our strenuous work as every time the "gang" comes in, the floor of the dining-room sinks a little lower.

Let me now proceed to introduce the boys as they appear in every day life:

First comes our very learned friend, Harold Colter, who, although unaware of the fact, is a great scholar. Being a woman hater, he can devote his leisure hours to the study of socialism, which body he hopes to lead to glory within the next few years.

Next comes Cliff Erratt, our moral adviser. I say moral adviser, because even though our topics of discussion fit into the highest rank of society, Cliff thinks there is room for improvement.

Close behind Cliff follows Mervin Plant, who has automatically or rather by his own assumption become our spiritual adviser. Mervin, who used to spend much of his time at music and devising new methods of waiting, now devotes all his time to poetry. The result of which is found in three poems entitled "Delma," "Velma" and "Ethel."

Bang, bang, thump, thump! What's that, a thunderstorm? No, just Howard Lucas and Rovellet Allen coming down the stairway, each trying to get his tray up first in line. We have often wondered what we would do without Howard, who has not as yet been seen without a smile on his face or a joke at his finger tips, even though the rest of us—Rovellet, whose middle name is "toil," has quite frequently tried to change Canada's National Anthem to "Work for the Night is Coming." At the beginning of the College year he became tangled up with the fair sex, but seeing that such battles are rather difficult to wage, he has given up after the second charge.

I must not forget Bill Burkell, who has just recently joined our happy band. He is still undergoing our rather lengthy initiation, during which time we intend to cool his temper at least 99 degrees.

Why, here is Deight Underwood, singing, smiling and dancing. This is the boy that never frowns, and we believe we know the reason why. We only say Margaret and he pops out nix (Nicks). Besides being a good waiter, Deight has shown his ability in selecting Christmas gifts for ladies such as compacts, ahem!

We have the honor of having in our midst Arthur Tranter. Art comes from the Wild West and consequently is what we term a "cow puncher." More than once has he made it known to us that he can tame anything on the universe (we wonder). But he is never in a hurry when waiting on tables, and we always know whose tray is last in line.

Here let me introduce Stanley Radtke, who plays the leading part in the initiating of new waiters. At present Bill Burkell sits at his right and should be able to say more about it than I.

Then we have our sweepers, Basil Hills and Gordon Lane. How these two good souls wield their weapons with never a complaint. They decided to sweep this year since they intend to curl next season.

And here's to William Miller,
With his shining morning face,
For at breakfast, lunch and dinner
He starts in by saying "Grace."

—H. M. C.

Yell:

We are waiters, yes, you bet,
All for service, ne'er a fret,
Hobble, gobble, sis, boom, bah,
Waiters, waiters. Rah, rah, rah!



"Men are so effeminate nowadays"

Personals

Reporters: Hugh Davidson, Ethel Patrick



"Les professeurs en promenade au matin"

REGINA COLLEGE

R is for Robert, from Dummer he hails.
E is for Ella, her quietness fails.
G is for Gordon, but last name is Lane.
I is for Irene but she's gone again.
N is for Norval, we call him a sheik.
A is for Allan, so shy and so meak.

C is for Clara, who comes in the day.
O is for Orval, who's always so gay.
L is for Luella, she comes from Rosetown.
L is for Lyle you couldn't turn down.
E is for Ethel, on Clinton is struck.
G is for 'Gillivray, who chases the puck.
E is for Everybody, we wish them all luck.

Lazy? Say the time Karl had the seven years itch, he got six months behind in his scratching.

Cook—"Gosh, it looks like rain."

Hook—"What do you mean?"

Cook—"Oh! This soup."

Mr. McEwen—"Mr. Thompson. What is the difference between permutations and combinations?"

Allen—(haughtily) "One's for summer and the other's for winter, sir."

Miss Theal—"I am sorry that you do not think the chicken soup good. I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

Mr. Sterling—"No, it was the chicken she missed."

Glover—"If all good people were white and all bad people were black, what color would you be?"

Some answered white, and some answered black but Laurie shouted: "Please, sir, I think I would be streaky!"

Student being arrested—"But officer, I'm a student at Regina College."

Office—"Ignorance is no excuse."

A tourist, passing through town recently, was driving a most decrepit flivver. His old boat was bent, dented and wobbly and he was forced to keep it moving to prevent its total collapse. Also, it was utterly devoid of paint. On the rear curtain he had pointed a sign which read: "Don't laugh, girls. If all the paint was rubbed off, you'd look as bad as this."

Marjorie Lewis—"Verily, she looked lean enough to be a good student."

Vera Carr—"I find earth not grey, but rosy."

Amy Wright—"Mirthful but not frivolous is she."

Flo Johnston—"Truly in her youth, she did suffer from love."

Annie Woods—"Never too busy to smile or to help."

Avis Schwalm—"I never was nor never will be false."

Jean Prosser—"Happy am I, from care am I free, Why ain't they all contented like me?"

Howard Lucas—"Well, boys, I must go and study."

Ralph Blythe—"I have never felt the kiss of love, or felt a maiden's hand in mine."

Laurie Drummond—"He never followed wicked ways, except when he was sinning."

Leigh Bradley—"You woke me too soon. I must slumber again."

Johnny Mihain—"A thorough gentleman, you understand, yet something of a devil, sir, withal."

Lyle Pearlman—"The time I've lost wooing."

John Broad—"Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man'."

Arthur Robinson—"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

Carmen Layng—"Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Harold Burton—"Poets are born, not made."

Chuck Edwards—"You can't keep a good man down."

Miss Robson—"If dills should be served with toast, with what should pickled pears be served "

Alex. Ralston had been invited to a golden wedding and was told that each guest would be expected to take a golden present. He took a gold fish.

Mr. Guest remarked in class one day that Lorne Woollatt was an expert in the Law of Conservation of Energy."

"Oh well," sighed Ella, "such is the ups and downs of life," as she pulled up her stockings and tugged at her skirts.

Day-student—"Say, doesn't anything unusual ever happen around here "

Resident—"Sure, lots. Why, Miss Robson found Ella in her room last night."

Mr. Guest—"Im a little stiff from skating."

'Ughie—"Where did you say you were from, sir?"

Our dear chemistry teacher says: "Remember that it's pneumonia in chests and ammonia in bottles."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By Taylor and Wood

1. Harold White answered a question in geometry.
 2. Ed. Scheifner acted his age on Feb. 29.
 3. Mr. Sterling missed a date.
 4. Max Bell wasn't late yesterday.
 5. An experiment worked for Mr. Guest.
 6. Mr. McEwen had his apparatus ready.
 7. Kall McKay had her own books, pencils, one day last month.
 8. Les Schwindt didn't have to report at detention.
-

PRIZE SKETCH



We do not mind our study hall
We do not mind deans talk.
The only thing that gets our goat
Is the horrid morning walk.

—Maud Lindsay.

Sumner has a sore side because every time in chapel when we come to the word "grace" in a hymn, Bill Miller pokes him.

Mr. Guest—"Name a liquid that will not freeze?"

Scheiffner—"Hot water."

THE TALE OF A TUB

A morning walk's a nuisance,
Our Marion thought so too.
She's only missed a few since
She found it wouldn't do.

For she hopped into the bath-tub
Till the teacher'd been around.
But sad to say—Miss Maxwell
Our poor dear Marion found.

ODE TO JOHN NORVAL HANNIBAL SEAMANS GREENSHIELDS

Fairest by far in our college halls
Is the sound of a loving voice that calls
To Hannibal.

If we find our clothes in pressing need,
We hasten away with the utmost speed
To Hannibal.

If we down town our way should wend,
We charge chocolate bars and the bills we send
To Hannibal.

We may unto heaven perhaps aspire,
Or maybe to regions of endless fire
To Hannibal.

Now that we're leaving this college grand
For a hearty toast take a glass in hand
To Hannibal.

—E. K. W.

MEAL TIME HAPPENINGS

Waiter—"How many teas?"

Miss Maxwell—"Stick up your hands, girls."

A breathless hush fell over the dining-room before the meal began. A pause—a gasp and everyone stared, as into the room he ran! Mr. Guest had arrived on time!

Mr. West (at photographic studio)—"By the way, did the lady dean get her compact that she left here yesterday?"

Doris H.—"Miss Kirk, am I made of dust?"

Miss Kirk—"I don't think so, because if you were you would dry up now and then."

Mae—"What's your brother suffering from?"

Eileen—"Brain fever."

Mae—"Oh, I thought it was something serious."

Mr. Sterling—"Who are the most noted historians?"

Mabel—"One was Green and the other was Wrong."

HEAVEN PRESERVE US !!
FROM —

Mary Jane Cullip—on the stage.

Miss Balkwell—in rompers.

Mr. Glover—with a red neck tie.

Rovelle—taking a girls arm.

Mr. Tomlinson—in kilts.

Susie Smith—a fairy.

Osborne Fansher—in short trousers.

Wilhelmine Taylor—with brief skirts.

Daphne—in a bathing suit.

Frankie Johns—with a shiny nose.

Bernie Williams—a picture of innocence.

Stan Radtke—in a beauty contest.

Allan Fuller—on bob skates.

Betty Benwell—keeping house for a farmer.

Mr. Sterling—in a baby carriage.

Mr. Sterling—"Say, listen—if you took lessons for three years, Orval, maybe you could play the piano half as well as you think you can play it now, if you thought you played it twice as well as you think you do now—maybe."

Difficult to Explain

Where the money goes,

Why some people are born.

Beryl—"My room-mate is going to drop the violin."

Vera—"Good, I hope it busts."

Miss Massey—"What's the matter with you, Blandie?"

Bland—"Eyes tired."

Miss Massey—"Such terrible grammar! You should say, 'I am tired'."

OUR LIBRARY

College Humor—Dr. Stapleford.

Sentimental Tommy—Mr. Tomlinson.

Peter Pan—Miss Balkwill.

O Money Money—Mr. Wagg.

Sleeping Fires—Mr. Glover.

Great Expectations—Miss Murphy.

Nobody's Girl—Miss Robson.

To the Last Man—Mr. Guest.

Wild Animals I Have Known—Mr. Sterling.

Looking Backward—Prof. Doxsee.

Wildfire—Mr. McEwen.

The Unknown Quantity—Mrs. McEwen.

Beau Geste—Miss Maxwell.

The Divine Comedy—Mr. McIrvine.

When We Were Very Young—Miss Smith.

Chatterbox—Miss Kirk.

Her Serene Highness—Miss Theal.

The Wrath to Come—Miss Massey.

The Editor Wants to Know:

However does the chem. teacher go from the gaseous to the liquid state, as he says he does.

The first thing the Scotch teach their children is to catch rubber balls on the first bounce.

Mr. Guest and Mr. Sterling were seen returning a parcel (Tuxedos?) to Barnes' the morning after the banquet.

Hughie Davidson—"Miss Maxwell informed me that I wouldn't realize much from my French but I sold it for 50c."

Hannibal thought that graham wafers were animal crackers because somebody called them dog-biscuits.

After hearing Mr. Alfred Noyes, N. B. M. wrote, while still inspired, the following:

I study at my desk.
Listlessly,
Lazily.
Long for that unknown,
The essence of happiness.

I lie in my grave
Comfortably,
Callously,
Waiting for that unknown,
The climax of life.

Vera Ames (to Mr. Tomlinson)—"What's that you wrote on my paper?"
Mr. Tomlinson—"I told you to write more plainly."

Jean Prosser (after the Arts class play)—"Who you you think did the best acting?"

Ralph—"I did—pretending I enjoyed the play."

Hannibal thinks they import hop-scotch from Scotland.



FORM V

Agnew, Somerville, 2265 Broad St.
Allison, Ruth, 2257 Rae St.
Black, John, 2119 Broad St.
Burton, Harold, Wilcox.
Chambers, Margaret, 1931 McTavish St.
Colter, Harold, Mortlach.
Cook, John, Bohram.
Davidson, Hugh, 1046 Second Ave., N.W.,
Moose Jaw.
Gibson, Adeline, Suite B, Crescent Apts.
Glassrud, Sylvia, Mazonod.
Haggerty, Georgie, Belle Plaine.
Hall, Andrew, 2059 Retallack St.
Halls, Chas., 2247 McIntyre St.
Hendershot, Luella, Rosetown.
Hesla, Orvina, Lajord.
Kidd, Vincent, 2214 Lorne St.
Layng, Carman, 2260 Garnet St.
Lloyd, Anne, Ogema.
Mahon, Margaret, Guernsey.
Martin, Jeanie, Sintaluta.
Massey, Bland, Wadena.
Measner, Lloyd, Holdfast.
Milligan, Francis, Fishing Lake.
McGillivray, Bert, 2176 Lorne St.
McKay, Goldwin, 3030 Victoria Ave.
McIvor, Murdock, Frances.
Patrick, Ethel, Yorkton.
Reid, Marion, Francis.
Robinson, Arthur, 1429 Victoria Ave.
Roger, Eleanor, 2064 Garnet St.
Selby Hattie, 2840 Albert St.
Stevenson, Wilfild, 2710 Angus St.
Stice, Priscilla, 2464 Winnipeg St.
Tully, Clara, 1314 13th Ave.
Watson, Ethel, Maple Creek.
Wayland, Dorothy, 473 Caribou W., Moose
Jaw.
Wickware, Vera, 2119 Retallack St.
Wilson, Jean, 2160 Angus St.
Wilson, Karl, Humboldt.
Woollatt, Lorne, 2100 Robinsor St

FORM IV A

Allan, Rovelie, Aylesbury.
Ames, Vera, Milestone.
Bennett, Louise, Pennant.
Brunskill, Gordon, Pense.
Collins, Veda, Lewvan.
Frankard, Bertha, Redvers.
Gordon, Helen, Webb.
Graham, Thelma, Lang.

Hendershot, Jean, Rosetown.
Lewis, Orval, Gray.
Lindsay, Maud, Limerick.
Miller, Hazel, 2347 McIntyre St.
Moffat, Mary, 2915 McCallum Ave.
Moffet, Harold, 2244 Garnet St.
McKay, Marion, 2150 Osler St., Regina.
Nelson, Grace, Webb.
Nicks, Margaret, Grand Coulee.
Rosenau, Amiel, Estuary.
Rousell, Grace, Heward.
Rusk, Ellen, Briercrest.
Speedie, Miriam, Davidson.
Weatherilt, Lloyd, Maryfield.
Wedin, Arthur, Griffin.

FORM IV B

Armour, Hugh, 2249 Quebec St.
Burns, Scott, Ogema.
Crossley, Harold, Saltcoats.
Docking, Arthur, Talmadge.
Elsom, George, Boharm.
Erratt, Clifford, Saltcoats.
Fosnot, Lois, Drinkwater.
George, Clinton, Gull Lake.
Gilroy, Clifford, Briercrest.
Haggerty, Samuel, Belle Plaine.
Hill, Winnifred, Tyvan.
Hills, Basil, Harris.
Kelly, Ralph, Osage.
Lister, Doris, Sinaluta.
Maxwell, Beryl, Portreeve.
McLean, Gladys, Demaine.
Rousell, Nelson, Heward.
Swedberg, Albert, Chamberlain.
Thomson, Allen, Milly.
Underwood, Deight, Shackleton.

FORM IV C

Blyth, Ralph, Esterhazy.
Bradley, Leigh, Mortlach.
Broad, John, 2311 Lorne St.
Carr, Vera, Forgan.
Drummond, Lawrence, Balcarres.
Edwards, Charles, 2713 13th Ave.
Johnston, Florence, Gull Lake.
Lewis, Marjorie, Forgan.
Lucas, Howard, Mazenod.
Mihain, John, Limerick.
Miller, Wm., Edenwold.
Newton, Russell, Riverhurst.
Pearlman, Lyle, 2330 Rose St.
Prosser, Jean, 370 Hochelaga W. Moose
Jaw.

Radtke, Stanley, Webb.
Solton, Robert, Dummer.
Schwalm, Avis, Elrose.
Wright, Amy, Redvers.
Woods, Annie, Corine.

Form IV, Special

Bratt, Verna, 2720 Victoria Ave.
Busse, Dorothy, Gull Lake.
Byam, Hazel, Zelma.
Cameron, Velma, Balcarres.
Crosby, Alice, Gilbert Plains, Man.
Downs, Elizabeth, Lewvan.
Forbes, Ethel, Grand Coulee.
Gilroy, Ellen, Briercrest.
McLelland, May, Avonlea.
Solton, Myrtle, Dummer.

FORM III A

Bell, Maxwell, 3000 Victoria Ave., City.
Bicknell, Orville, 2350 Smith St.
Cooper, Frances, Box 863, Moose Jaw.
Cullip, Clara M., 2453 Winnipeg St., City.
Docking, Lillian, Talmage.
Emerson, Mabel, Moreland.
Fraleigh, Mary, Kindersley.
Hamilton, Hattie Beatrice, Wawota.
Helgersen, Doris, Chaplin.
Innes, Helen, Colfax.
Johns, Frances, Gull Lake.
Lucas, Elouise, Mazenod.
McKay, Kall, 3030 Victoria Ave., City.
McClure, Alma, Beadle.
McCosh, Ruth, Anerly.
Schick, Elsie, Duff.
Scratch, Ronald, Maymont.
Selby, Frank H., 2840 Albert St., City.
Smith, Ruby M., Borden.
Solton, Alice A., Dummer.
Strachan, Kenneth, 2123 Rose St., City.
Sumner, Hubert, Duff.
Thornicroft, John W., 2834 Rae St., City.

FORM III B

Aitken, Jessie, 1104 Cameron St.
Coneybeare, Annita, Strasbourg.
Bicknell, Oville, 2350 Smith St.
Billett, Betty, Pilot Butte.
Binnie, Janet, Earl Grey.
Fuller, Allan, 2345 Smith St.
Graham, Gordon, Assiniboia.
Henry, Elaine, 2218 Osler St.
Hitchcock, Edith, Lang.

Hough, Marion, Cabri.
Johnston, Peter, 2235 Osler St.
Lane, Gordon, Colonsay.
Lane, Bert, Colonsay.
Lord, Francis, Eatonias.
McCallum, Goldwyn, Rose Lodge.
Paulin, Grace, 2256 Robinson St.
Rankin, Edmund, Foam Lake.
Reid, William, Pense.
Schiefner, Edward, 2250 Winnipeg St.
Schwindt, Leslie, Parry.
Smith, Evelyn, 2351 Halifax St.
Taylor, Bruce, 2117 Rose St.
Ware, Mary, 2323 McIntyre St.
Wood, Harry, Queens Hotel, Regina.
White, Harold, Holdfast.
Williams, Burnice, 2356 Scarth St.
Young, Marion, Caron.

Form III, Special

Geddes, Margaret, 333 Hochelage St.,
Moose Jaw.
Marriott, Lillian,, Langbank.
Thompson, Genevieve, 2269 Broad St.
Wetherald, Hazel, Wawota.

FORM II

Anderson, Margaret, 1910 College Ave.,
City.
Bancroft, Raymond, 3 Beta Apts., City.
Brooker, Louisa, Laucu.
Calvert, Ella F., Estevan.
Cullip, Mary Jane, Wilcox.
Eye, Erving, Fenwood.
Grassick, Lillian, 1604 College Ave., City.
Hook, John William, Coppen.
Lewis, William, Imperial.
McKay, Margaret, 3030 Victoria Ave.,
City.
McKinnon, Marjorie, Gen. Del., Regina.
Reid, Annabelle, Orkney.
Sampson, Beth, Davidson.
Short, Emma Fern, 803 5th Ave. N.W.,
Moose Jaw.
Smith, Howard, 2351 Halifax St., City.
Stephen, Catherine, 2716 Dewdney Ave.,
City.
Tranter, Arthur, Maple Creek.
Williams, Clarence, 2152 Rose St., City.
Graham, Alma, Hearne.
Moore, Viola, Richardson.
Plant. Mervin, R., Shackleton.

FORM I

Allen, James Ross, Grand Coulee.
Ahrens, Doris Jean, Rosetown.
Burkell, William, Rhem.
Doull, Rachel, 2813 19th Ave., City.
Frankard, Camel, Redvers.
Greenshields, Norval, Semans.
Hendrickson, Henry, Ettington.
Higgs, Paddy, 1612 13th Ave., City.
Hyde, Anna Margaret, 1308 College Ave.
City.
Jaques, Muriel, Anglia.
Johnston, Frances, Yellow Grass.
Olson, Dorothy, 2635 21st Ave., City.
Robb, Kathleen, 2056 Retallack St., City.
Swedberg, Walter S., Chamberlain.
Taylor, Alice, Salvador.
Lang, William, Raymore.
Fenwick, John, Scout Lake.

COMMERCIALS

Brinkworth, Frank E., Lipton.
Cubbage, Harry G., Lang.
Ellingson, Earl, Darmody.
Fansher, Osborne, Govan.
Fritsch, Eddie, Webb.
Moore, Stirling J., Rupert, Que.
Parks, Joseph Orlean, Mc. Gu.
Paul, Raymond J., Govan.
Ralston, Alexander, Adanac, Sask.
Sudom, Paul, 1855 Montreal Street, City.
Smith, Susy A., DArcy, Sask.
Tuttersall, John A., Marengo, Sask.
Mahoney, Annie, Tisdale.

Specials

Erlandson, Clifford A., Young.
Edwards, Mary, Spinning Hill.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Wilbur, Dorothy, Creelman.
Blinkin, Beatrice E., Sintaluta (Box 47)
Cairns, Janet C., Manor.
Fromback, Alvina, Edenwold.
Galloway, Betty, Alameda.
Houghton, Marion, Elbow.
Keatly, Clara, Speers.
Miller, Frances, Lumsden.
Morrison, Jean, Yellow Grass.
Taylor, Wilhelmine, Salvador.
Thomas, Margaret F., North Battleford.
Wohlberg, Ethel, Speers.

THE GRAND REMONSTRANCE
OF 1928

We, Form II of Regina College, put forward the following petition:

1. That Miss Massey will obey the period and dismiss her classes sharply on time.
 2. That Mr. Glover realizes that after a joke has been told three times, Form II catches on.
 3. That Mr. Sterling refrain from calling mere school girls "Miss."
 4. That Mr. Tomlinson stops reminding us that we should have learnt all our Grade X Arithmetic in Grade V.
 5. We implore Miss Balkwell to kindly speak our own language enough in French class so that we can understand something of the topic she is discussing.
-

STUDENTS WHO LEFT DURING THE
YEAR

Aisenberg, David, 2041 St. John St.
Bateman, William, Eston.
Cathcart, Winona, Yellow Grass.
Darke, Trevlyn, 2210 College Ave.
Ewing, Hector, 2931 Angus St.
Goodrich, Hartwell.
Hall, Reginald, Kincaid.
Hayward, Ernest, 2342 Halifax St.
Jones, Elizabeth, Senlac.
McLaren, Stewart, Gull Lake.
Morgan, Edward, 2151 Broad St.
Metheral, Leslie, Yellow Grass.
Morrison, Harvey, Pense.
Radtke, Earl, Webb.
Radcliffe, Eleanor, Pense.
Schick, John, Avonhurst.
Swedberg, Victor, Chamberlain.
Thierman, Viola, Webb.
Williams, William, Landis.
Williamson, Jay D., 2224 15th Ave.
Wright, Harold, 107 Leopold Cres.



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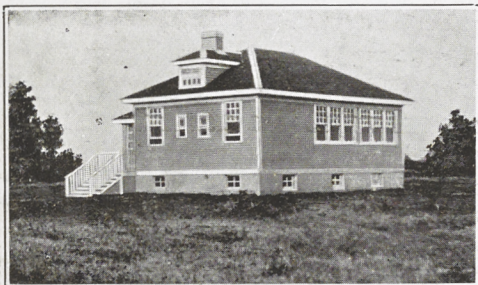
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